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THE SPEAKER

A Review of Politics, Letters, Science, and the Arts.

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE

[FOR INLAND AND FOREIGN TRANSMISSION.]

VOL. V.—NO. III.]

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1892.

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1892.

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THE preliminary arrangement of the public business is a practical illustration of LORD SALISBURY'S candid avowal that the great aim of a Minister is to catch votes. The Irish Local Government Bill will be hung up for an indefinite period, because it is a measure which does the Government more harm than good. The Irish Education Bill is another plague; but it has to be taken in hand because a certain sum of money has been allocated. The Small Holdings Bill will be pushed on with exemplary vigour, because something must be done to retrieve the position of the Government in the counties. Of the District Councils Bill nothing substantial is likely to be seen, because the extension of local government anywhere is distasteful to the Tories; and LORD SALISBURY says District Councils will increase rates. Rates are to be taken off elementary schools, because any shifting of burdens from churchmen and landlords to the general taxpayer is agreeable to LORD SALISBURY'S supporters. The rest of the measures in the Queen's Speech must take their chance. They have little or nothing to do with the exquisite adjustment of principle and interest which distinguishes a Unionist Ministry.

MR. BALFOUR'S warmest admirers must admit that he did not shine in his first speech as leader of the House of Commons. Manifestly taken by surprise, he performed the irksome task of defending LORD SALISBURY'S most flagrant blunders with conspicuously lack of spirit, logic, and even coherence. SIR WILLIAM HAROURT was quite justified in asking where was the consistency between the Prime Minister's calculated slanders on Irish Catholics and the proposal to endow with large powers of local government "the majority which contains all that is backward, all that is unprogressive, all that is contrary to enlightenment and civilisation in Ireland." Already furious over the Exeter speech, the Tories listened with sullen dejection while MR. BALFOUR tried to make out that LORD SALISBURY never meant to stamp all Irish Catholics as barbarians and all Irish Protestants as "enlightened, civilised, and progressive," or to single out Irish Catholic Archbishops as "the enemies of English influence and English power," or to maintain, what every schoolboy knows to be false, that the Catholic Irish fought against us in our wars with Spain, France, and America. In 1885, when LORD SALISBURY had the Irish vote, he was respectful to the Catholics, and even sympathetic; in 1892, when the Irish vote is lost to him, he distorts history, disfigures religion, and reduces Tory statesmanship below the level of an ASHMEAD BARTLETT.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN made his first appearance as deputy leader of the Liberal Unionists on Thursday evening. His speech was a laboured piece of claptrap, well calculated to draw the cheers of the Tories, but without a single feature of real value or weight. It abounded in the misrepresentations without which the oratory of the member for West Birmingham would be a matter of such small moment. For example, MR. CHAMBERLAIN stated quite untruthfully that MR. SCHNADHORST had informed the Liberal leaders that he could not calculate on a

Liberal majority at the next General Election. Next it stated, with equal untruthfulness, that MR. GLADSTONE and MR. MORLEY had insisted upon the immediate evacuation of Egypt, the fact being, as MR. MORLEY showed in his rejoinder to MR. CHAMBERLAIN, that they had only repeated in 1891 the language used by MR. CHAMBERLAIN himself in 1884. But perhaps the crowning absurdity of a foolish and insincere speech was the attempt on the part of the speaker to vindicate LORD SALISBURY from the charge of having made a gross partisan attack upon the Roman Catholics by referring to the polemical writings of MR. GLADSTONE and MR. MORLEY. Even the dullest of the squires whose ears MR. CHAMBERLAIN was so laboriously striving to tickle must have felt that the Birmingham politician had in this instance missed his way.

NOTHING was said about Rossendale at the Devonshire House meeting, but SIR HENRY JAMES tackled the dolorous theme at Bury. It has a peculiar interest for him, because there is no reason to suppose that, after Rossendale has repudiated the DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, Bury will betray a desperate attachment to the minor virtues of SIR HENRY JAMES. SIR HENRY has, however, other ideas of his relative importance, for he says that had the battle been fought at Bury he would have won it. He also thinks that the Unionists lose seats because they are generally the defending party, and that they will carry everything before them when they are the assailants. As a form of consolation this is original, if not convincing. It does not convince the *Times*, which, misled by a spurious dictum of MR. SCHNADHORST'S, states that the Liberals will have a majority of thirty in the next Parliament, including the Nationalist vote. The assertion is fallacious, but it shows a dawning perception of the truth which SIR HENRY JAMES fancies he has concealed from the electors of Bury.

SUNDAY last, the 7th inst., was an important day in the Argentine Republic, and one which has been looked forward to for some time with considerable apprehension. On that day the election took place of members for the National Chamber of Deputies (of whom one-half retire every second year) and also of one-third of the senators. Owing to the intense political excitement now prevailing throughout the Republic, serious disturbances were feared, if not revolution. Fortunately, however, the event has passed off with comparative quietness, although there has evidently been some rioting in the streets of Buenos Ayres, and some fighting.

THE results of the elections throughout the Republic are reported to have been favourable to the party supporting the agreement between GENERALS MITRE and ROCA, under which an arrangement has been made that on March 5th next will be held a convention of the allied "Moderates," for the purpose of nominating a President and Vice-President, to be supported by the combined parties. The next event of importance will be the election of members of the Electoral College, which will take place early in April next. It will then be known almost with certainty who will be the next President of the Republic. Doubtless, when the political anxiety and uncertainty

is removed, commerce and finance will improve in the Republic.

MR. SPURGEON'S funeral has been the occasion of a demonstration which has afforded remarkable proof of the hold he had gained upon the mass of the Protestants of Great Britain. There has, of course, been an entire absence of the courtly ceremonial and high ecclesiastical ritual which respectively marked the funerals of the DUKE OF CLARENCE and CARDINAL MANNING. He has been buried with the simplest rites—almost, indeed, with an absence of all rites. But on Tuesday some sixty thousand persons made a reverent pilgrimage to the Metropolitan Tabernacle, where his coffin was lying in front of the pulpit; on Wednesday that vast building was filled with four different bodies of mourners, worshipping around their dead; and on Thursday even the unequalled experience of London in such things was outdone by the demonstration of popular respect and grief which attended the actual interment in Norwood Cemetery. There has been a strange completeness and fitness in the rounding-off of the great London preacher's career in "the city of his love" which must have touched all who are capable of taking a detached view of an incident of contemporary history.

THE British mercantile marine is still far ahead of all its competitors in tonnage and excellence, if not in the profitable character of its operations. The interesting presidential address of MR. MILLBURN at the annual meeting of the Chamber of Shipping on Wednesday indicated that, doubtless owing to the recent immense improvements in steamship construction, building is proceeding somewhat too rapidly for the good of the shipowners—though not for that of the public. MR. PLIMSOLL'S recent evidence before the Labour Commission was treated with excusable severity. It seems to have consisted largely of rhetorical statement and repetition of charges already withdrawn by the author. This is hardly the way to forward a good cause.

A SELECT COMMITTEE is promised to consider the extension of coast telegraphic communication. That much may be done in this direction simply by putting pressure on the Post Office is clear from the articles published in the *Times* this week. But there are obvious difficulties, some of which were pointed out by SIR MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH at the dinner which ended the proceedings of the Chamber. The lighthouse-men are busy enough without signalling vessels—especially as they would soon be expected or induced to do so for commercial purposes. A lighthouse which could give warning of the approach of a hostile cruiser would be disabled by that cruiser (occupation of it being probably impossible) without more ado. And it will take all the resources of science and seamanship to devise a cable which shall enter a lightship without fouling the moorings at every tide and breaking altogether after a few heavy gales. MR. EDISON, we believe, can telegraph without a wire; but even his ingenuity will hardly avail to do so through the complex tidal currents, sometimes running eight or ten knots an hour, which surround many lightships.

LONDON, as we write, is on the verge of a coal famine. The refusal of the coal-porters of one large firm—MESSRS. F. B. CAMERON & Co.—to work with a non-Unionist foreman, and a dispute (which seems trivial enough) about the weighing of empty coal-sacks, has led to an attempt by the Masters' Association to boycott Union workmen and to the general calling out of the men by the Coal Porters' Union. Some eight thousand men are now out, and their numbers, as we write, are being rapidly reinforced by the men engaged in the sea-borne trade. The

strike is the work of the organisers on both sides rather than of the masters or the men as a body, and on both sides there seems a good deal of disinclination to keep up the quarrel. An ingenious argument has been made use of by MR. LOCKET, the secretary of the masters' association, in his letter to the *Times* of Thursday—that the coal merchants are under stringent legal obligations as to weighing the coal delivered to their customers, and that, if they are hampered by the Union in engaging or discharging their men, they may speedily get into trouble with the County Council. They insist, therefore, on liberty to employ non-Unionists as well as Unionists. But there can be little doubt that the strike was provoked by an attempt to crush the Union; and that is an attempt which we cannot regard either as advisable at all or as well-timed.

THERE has been very little change in the money market during the week. The directors of the Bank of England have not altered their rate of discount, and the outside market is but little firmer than it was. The rate of discount is 2 per cent.; and at the fortnightly settlement on the Stock Exchange, which began on Wednesday morning and ended last evening, Stock Exchange borrowers were able to obtain all they required at from $2\frac{1}{4}$ to 3 per cent., the more usual rates being from $2\frac{1}{2}$ to $2\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. The price of silver fell on Tuesday to $41\frac{1}{2}$ d. per oz., which is fully $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per oz. below the lowest quotation of any year before the present. As a matter of course there has been a corresponding fall in all silver securities, and the fall has increased the difficulties throughout Lancashire. Previously cotton was cheaper than it had been for half a century, the fall inflicting heavy losses not only upon planters in the Southern States, but upon merchants and manufacturers who had purchased at higher prices, as well as upon exporters who still had large quantities of unsold goods. The fall in silver increases those difficulties, inasmuch as it is tantamount to a heavy fall in the prices of cotton goods in all silver-using countries. There are serious fears, therefore, of commercial failures throughout Lancashire, and in the Southern States the whole cotton-growing districts are very seriously affected.

THE Stock Markets have fluctuated very wildly and very widely throughout the week, the fluctuations being most rapid and confusing in the American department. A syndicate of great American capitalists, headed by the MESSRS. VANDERBILT and DREXEL MORGAN, has got control of the Philadelphia and Reading, the Central of New Jersey, and the Lehigh Valley Railroads, and practically the former is about to work the two latter. The syndicate and its connections already control the two other great coal-carrying railroads. Thus the syndicate has got control of the lines that serve the great anthracite coal districts of Pennsylvania, and it has also control of the greater part of the coal-field itself. In short, it is thus master of the anthracite coal trade of the United States. When this became known, a wild speculation sprang up in Philadelphia and Reading securities, especially the shares, that line benefiting more than all others from the amalgamation, as it owns one-third of the coal-field. But here in London, distrust, commercial difficulties, and disbelief in the amalgamation, all combined to continue the selling of previous weeks. Accordingly, while American operators were buying on a large scale, certain prices have been run up in an almost unprecedented way. Then European selling has every now and then forced down prices almost as rapidly. Home Railway stocks are likewise depressed through the unfavourable outlook in trade, and the international market, already tried by the Russian famine, the insolvency of Portugal, the crises in Spain and Italy, and the breakdown in South America, is now troubled by a heavy fall in Greek Bonds.

THE OPENING OF THE SESSION.

PARLIAMENT has met this year under circumstances which may fairly be described as unique. Of the four men who led the respective parties into which the House of Commons was divided twelve months ago, not one was present when the Speaker took the chair last Tuesday. Two have been removed by the hand of death, one has met his fate in the shape of accession to a dukedom, whilst the last and greatest is happily gathering strength for the approaching conflict in a better climate than that with which London is blessed. But not even changes such as these can affect materially the everyday life of such a body as the House of Commons, and Mr. Balfour and Sir William Harcourt faced each other on Tuesday afternoon as though they were the first men who had ever sat in the seats they then occupied. Yet even the calm imperturbability of the new First Lord of the Treasury could not enable him to disguise the fact that he represented a Ministry which is about to die. The dulness with which the debate on the Address opened was disappointing to some ardent spirits on the Liberal benches. They ought to have seen in that very dulness a certain omen of their own approaching victory. Ministers know as well as anybody else that they are beaten men, that the days of their reign are numbered, and that already the sceptre is passing into the keeping of their opponents. When we see the *Times*, by way of giving some comfort to the stricken herd sitting behind Mr. Balfour, publishing a wholly unveracious statement that Mr. Schnadhorst does not estimate the Liberal majority in the next Parliament at a higher figure than thirty, we can measure to some extent the depth of depression to which the Ministerialists have fallen. It would be absurd to expect men who are thus engaged in calculating the extent of the defeat which awaits them, to show much spirit in the wordy warfare of the House of Commons. Nor was there anything to exhilarate them in the programme for the Session which was set forth in the Queen's Speech. It is a programme in which Ireland again holds the first place with an Assisted Education Bill and a Local Government Bill. We need hardly say that the people who have the greatest dread of these measures are not those who sit on the Opposition benches. The Tory Protestants and Tory landlords of Ireland quake in their shoes in prospect of Mr. Balfour's promised legislation. As to the other measures mentioned in the Queen's Speech, they may possibly be very mischievous, they may arouse the most strenuous opposition on the part of the Liberals; but under no conceivable circumstances could they be expected to awaken the enthusiasm of the Tories. Is it wonderful that a deadly dulness prevailed in the House of Commons on Tuesday night?

The truth is that the minds of most men—whether they sit on one side of the House or the other—are occupied with one question, and with one only: When will the dissolution take place? That is the subject which is uppermost wherever politicians now congregate. As to the character of Mr. Balfour's Local Government Bill, or Mr. Jackson's Education Bill, to say nothing of Mr. Goschen's newest scheme for tinkering the currency, nobody seems to feel the slightest curiosity. What everybody does wish to know is whether the solemn farce which is now being played by a body of discredited place-holders is to come to an end at Easter, or at Midsummer, or not until November. Many rumours are, of course, current on this subject. Some maintain that when the Budget has been introduced, and the Ministerial schemes with re-

gard to local government and education in Ireland placed before the country, Lord Salisbury will cut the Gordian knot of his difficulties by means of an April dissolution. Others hold that at all hazards Mr. Balfour will insist upon carrying his Local Government Bill through Parliament before throwing up the sponge. In that case the further question arises of Midsummer or November as the date of the dissolution. Speculations of this kind have an extraordinary fascination for the politician. When he once takes them into his consideration he is apt to lose sight of everything else. The contemplation of the hour at which he must give an account of his stewardship is incompatible with attention to the ordinary duties of his office. It will be well for those who do not actually belong to the body, the date of whose decease is now being so warmly discussed, to keep their minds as free as possible from the perturbing influences of that discussion. The one thing certain with regard to the future is that Ministers will not take their opponents into their confidence as to the date of the General Election. Nor has anybody ever dreamt of extorting from them the truth upon that subject. Constitutionally, it is the Sovereign by whose will a Parliament is dissolved, and there is no precedent for requiring Ministers to tell the House what is the advice which they intend to give to her Majesty concerning that particular step. But we have a right to know whether precedent and Constitutional usage are to be followed by the Government, so far as their interpretation of the Septennial Act is concerned; and the leaders of the Opposition would fail in their duty if they neglected to press this point home to the occupants of the Treasury Bench when the proper moment for doing so arrives.

As a matter of fact, it must be acknowledged that even on this subject the Liberal mind is in a state of profound calm. It is so clearly evident that Ministers are at the end of their tether, that no one can excite himself over the possibility of their being still at the head of affairs twelve months hence. There are some Liberals, indeed, who hold the opinion that the longer Lord Salisbury clings to office the better for his opponents. No doubt there is a measure of truth in this theory; but it is one which leaves out of sight certain important factors in the situation. For one thing it takes no account of the age of the illustrious man whom a majority of his fellow-countrymen are ardently desirous of seeing once more at the head of the State; and yet again it ignores the fact that the harvest is now ripe and only waiting for the Liberal sickle to be thrust in. Other arguments in favour of an early dissolution might be used if necessary. Nor do we in the least anticipate that any harm can be done by frankly showing our hands to our opponents. We are on the contrary convinced that, with the exception of a few needy placemen, they are just as anxious for the dissolution as we are. And even if it were not so, do they not bear "death in their faces?" Was ever a programme presented to the House of Commons on the opening night of a Session more hopeless than that which is set forth in the Queen's Speech? It is, as we have said, a programme far more distasteful to the supporters than to the friends of the Government. It bristles with difficult questions, with occasions for domestic quarrels on the side of the Conservatives, with all the traps and pitfalls which Ministers as a rule are so anxious to avoid. We cannot believe that in these circumstances there is any need for the Liberal party to dissemble its desire for an early dissolution. Ministers themselves must already be on the outlook for the particular fence at which they will "ride for the fall."

A SPECTRAL PARTY.

IT is the habit of ghosts, according to the most veracious chronicles, to revisit the scenes of deeds committed in the flesh, and go through all the circumstances as if they were doing something entirely fresh, original, and substantial. We are reminded of this spectral pantomime by the Liberal Unionist meeting at Devonshire House. Some forty gentlemen who imagine that they are still a party, presided over by a nobleman who thinks he is "neither physically nor politically defunct," gravely went through the show of electing a new leader, and of congratulating him and one another on their past achievements and their glowing future. No doubt these apparitions will continue to haunt Devonshire House from time to time, and perform their sombre and shadowy functions. Heaven forbid that they should elect a new leader on every occasion; but it is certain that they mean to take themselves seriously and substantially even after the General Election, for the Duke of Devonshire remarked, with ghostly persistence, that whatever may be the result of that struggle, "there will still be work for the party to do." Possibly his grace meant that he and his colleagues can, at all events, contribute to the harmless entertainment of mankind by offering an agreeable study to the Society for Psychical Research, and the ghost-hunters of the *Review of Reviews*. If we wanted any decisive proof that a Liberal Unionist is, as Macbeth says, "no such thing," but only a projection of the retina, it would be furnished by the election of Mr. Chamberlain as leader of the spectral party in the House of Commons. First there was the solemn pretence that some other phantom had been suggested for the post. Sir Henry James, said the Duke of Devonshire, was fully qualified for the task of marshalling the Liberal Unionist spectres; but Sir Henry, being a modest ghost, observed that "it would be fantastic and futile to suggest any other name than that of Mr. Chamberlain." There are more fantastic and futile things than are dreamt of in Sir Henry James's philosophy, and one of them is the assumption that Mr. Chamberlain's leadership is a serious political factor. But then came the hero of these blushing honours, who said, truly enough, that "other men could have been found as able as himself to lead the party in the House of Commons." There is a well-known game of shadows, very popular with children, in which the tiny fist of an infant can be made to throw upon the wall a passable counterfeit of a rabbit. But Mr. Chamberlain proceeded to make some statements which would have upset the gravity of any assembly out of the world of spirits. "He could honestly say that he was willing to serve the Unionist cause in any capacity either as subordinate or leader." What a life Sir Henry James, or the blameless Heneage, would have led, if he had been nominated commander of the Liberal Unionist abstractions, with Mr. Chamberlain as subordinate! Perhaps the Duke of Devonshire remembered the day when this same subordinate sneered at him in the House of Commons as "the late leader of the Liberal party." That reminiscence may have contributed a peculiar chill to the sepulchral atmosphere of Devonshire House.

But Mr. Chamberlain had some better jests for the company, who did not appreciate them, because humour is not the strong point of the phantasmal mind. He explained his position in regard to the Established Church. It was an apology for the pledge which the East Worcestershire Tories have wrung from his son. He had in no sense changed his opinions, but he recognised that many Unionists and Conservatives had advanced so far that there were

"few points of policy on which he found himself at variance with them in principle." The Conservatives have advanced to Free Education, but they still lag behind "ransom," and the graduated income-tax, and the opinion that Ireland is governed by a system which is as oppressive as the Austrian rule in Venice or the Russian rule in Poland. They have not overtaken the policy which Mr. Chamberlain laid down at Birmingham in 1887, that there ought to be "some legislative authority in Dublin in accordance with Mr. Gladstone's principles." It might be suspected that Mr. Chamberlain had given up these views, were it not that he described such a procedure as "immoral and impolitic." So he still believes that there ought to be a Parliament in Dublin, surrounded by sufficient safeguards, though he is now Parliamentary leader of a party, and ally of a Government, who reject root and branch the very principle of an Irish Legislature, safeguards or no safeguards. This is what it is to be neither impolitic nor immoral, but only unreal, "fantastic and futile." This is what proves that the Liberal Unionists are such stuff as dreams are made of, and their little life is rounded with a General Election. There is scarcely a speech of Mr. Chamberlain's during the last five years in which he has not shown that the guarantees he offers to his Whig dupes and his Tory backers are as shifty and fleeting as disembodied visitations. What substance is there in his assurance about the Establishment? "The support of Liberals for the Unionist policy," he says, "had been secured, and could only be retained by proving to them that Liberal Unionists were not recreant from Liberal principles." Mr. Chamberlain holds Disestablishment to be a Liberal principle which must not be abandoned, and while he subordinates it to the interests of the sacred Union by not pressing it, he claims the freedom of talking about it. So Conservatives, to whom the Church is no less precious than the Union, are asked to confide in a politician who propagates Disestablishment when he wants to curry favour with Welsh Non-conformists. Was ever a compact founded on such a patent absurdity? "Go to sleep and dream about the glorious integrity of the Empire," says Mr. Chamberlain to the Tory Churchmen, "while I tell those Disestablishers out there to break your windows." The remnant of Mr. Chamberlain's Radicalism may be, for practical purposes, feeble enough, but his perpetual chatter about it irritates his confederates, and acts as a solvent in the Unionist alliance. In Heine's well-known story, the professor who always denies the immortality of the soul appears after death to a friend, and resumes the argument with a complacency which is disturbed only when he bethinks him of the time, and pulls out a handful of worms instead of his watch. Mr. Chamberlain's assertion of his Radicalism is no more real than the professor's posthumous scepticism, and his handful of worms is a sufficient index to the progress of his party. But the Tories, who represent a solid though stagnant element in the country, are not unreasonably weary of this ghostly disputant, with his transparent fictions, which are kept up for the sake of nothing more valuable than the *amour propre* of a politician who has long since been dismissed to the limbo of dead vanities.

"INGRATITUDE" AND THE DUKE.

WE feel no desire to quarrel with the Dissident Liberals for their extravagant eulogies of the Duke of Devonshire. It is perhaps the best proof of their poverty as a party that they should be reduced to the hopeless attempt to convert the former

Member for Rossendale into a popular idol. But as old legends which have long ago been exploded are being revived and new stories invented, all in the Duke's honour, it is just as well that someone should tell the truth about the part which His Grace played in political life at a time when he was a member, not of a small and quickly disappearing Third Party, but of that great Liberal party which he now opposes so vehemently. Two weeks ago we felt it necessary to expose the wanton untruthfulness of the charge that Mr. Gladstone had treated him with "ingratitude." The charge was set forth in the columns of the *Times*, and was duly echoed in Tory evening newspapers and other equally trustworthy organs of opinion. There was, as we showed, not even the semblance of foundation for it. No man, indeed, who is acquainted with the history of the five years between 1875 and 1880 could have penned or credited so absurd a fiction. And yet since then it has been repeated anew, and we are almost invited to regard the Duke of Devonshire as a typical martyr over whose wrongs at the hands of the Liberal leader the hardest hearts must be moved.

We have never in these pages attacked the Duke of Devonshire, and we shall not do so now; but we shall certainly do our best to put an end to misrepresentations which ought to be distasteful to the Duke himself, and which are at any rate most unjust to Mr. Gladstone. And happily our task is an easy one. We have no need to reveal any Cabinet secrets in order to show that Mr. Gladstone is under no obligations whatever to his old colleague. All that we need do is to state certain facts which we are sure the Duke himself will be the last person to deny. Two weeks ago we told the story of Lord Hartington's election to the leadership of the party in the House of Commons in 1875, and showed how ridiculously unfounded was the legend which represented him as having reluctantly accepted that office because his old leader had abandoned it. We omitted to say then that Mr. Gladstone himself was one of those who supported the Duke's candidature, and that without Mr. Gladstone's support and Mr. Forster's self-sacrifice, even the powers of the Caucus would hardly have secured for him the position he coveted so eagerly. But in speaking of the events of 1880, when the Queen invited Lord Hartington to form an Administration, we unwittingly fell short of the truth. Everybody knows that at the General Election in that year it was the name of Mr. Gladstone which carried everything before it. The splendid majority secured by the Liberals was Mr. Gladstone's majority; and when Lord Beaconsfield resigned, the popular voice, without allowing a discordant note to be heard, acclaimed Mr. Gladstone as his only possible successor. Amusement rather than indignation was caused when it was known that the Queen—acting, of course, upon the advice of Lord Beaconsfield, whose furious jealousy of Mr. Gladstone was one of the most notable and least creditable features of his character—had sent for Lord Hartington and asked him to form an Administration. The great mass of Liberals had, however, confidence in his good sense and loyalty, and believed that he would not fail to interpret correctly the sentiment of the party. After an interval Lord Granville was summoned to Windsor; and then, but only then, Mr. Gladstone was sent for and commissioned to form an Administration. Now, was the confidence which men reposed in Lord Hartington's good sense and loyalty deserved, or was it not? What happened during the interval between his interview with the Queen and Lord Granville's? Only this—that Lord Hartington, the man about whose "magnanimity" towards Mr. Gladstone so much

nonsense is now being talked and written, tried to form an *Administration of his own*. In other words, he tried to deprive Mr. Gladstone of the position which friends as well as foes acknowledged to be his and his alone; and it was only when he had made that attempt and failed in it—as he was bound to do, and as he deserved to do—that the Premiership was offered by the Queen to the Member for Mid-Lothian.

What in these circumstances becomes of the "magnanimous stepping-aside" of Lord Hartington in 1880, of which we have heard so much of late? And where ought Mr. Gladstone's "gratitude" to the colleague who tried to take the place which was rightfully his, and his alone, to come in? We have nothing to say about subsequent events. We leave to Lord Hartington's friends the congenial task of reviling the actions of a Cabinet of which they themselves were members: though we confess that we look forward with a certain degree of pleasure to the moment when the truth about the inner history of the Government of 1880 will be made known. All that, however, is beside the present question. It has been wantonly and impudently pretended by those who ought to have known better, that Mr. Gladstone was under some deep personal obligation to Lord Hartington, and that he had consequently been guilty of gross ingratitude when he invited the electors of Rossendale to select a candidate of his own rather than of Lord Hartington's way of thinking as the successor of the latter in the House of Commons. We have shown—and we challenge contradiction—how utterly false is the charge. Indeed, we may go further and say that we have shown that Mr. Gladstone, if he were capable of being moved by mere personal feeling, might well hold that something very different from gratitude was the sentiment justly due from him to his former colleague. What has the latter to say upon the subject? Will he continue to listen unmoved to words of adulation which he knows to be unmerited? Will he leave the myth invented by his obsequious admirers to sink into the minds of the credulous and the ignorant, unmindful of the fact that a day must come when the full truth will be made known; or will he do honour to himself and to the high personal character he has so long enjoyed, by doing justice to the statesman who, throughout his career, has never treated him with unfairness, with disloyalty, or with courtesy; and who, as he knows full well, has never laid himself open to an accusation of ingratitude? We confess that we shall watch with interest the action which the Duke of Devonshire may think fit to take with regard to this matter.

MR. CLEVELAND'S OTHER RIVAL.

PREPARATIONS are now being made in the United States for holding the National Convention, at which the rival parties will choose their candidates for the Presidency. The State elections during the last two years have given the Federal Parliament a Democratic House of Representatives, and have shown that the American people are in revolt against McKinleyism, just as our bye-elections have proved the growing hostility of the English people to the Unionism of the present Administration. In America, as in England, the hopes of reformers are high. Who the Presidential candidates will be is always shrouded in uncertainty until the National Conventions are held, when the party favourite sometimes gets curiously left behind. Mr. Blaine has just published his usual intimation that he is not a candidate. That was to be expected. It sets people talking.

wondering, speculating, and finally someone may beseech the "plumed knight" and champion Jingo to give the country the honour of electing him. Mr. Blaine's health is bad, but his strength as a subtle, slippery, and mysterious wire-puller is not abated. Whether he receives the party nomination or not, he is the leading fighter on the Republican side, and the man to be reckoned with by the Democrats.

But Mr. Cleveland has another rival—one not less unscrupulous than Blaine—a Judas in his own party who betrayed him in 1888, and is now preparing to crucify him. This man is David B. Hill, late Governor of New York State and United States Senator. Hill has just got his friends to call a "snap" State convention in New York for this month, in order that they may dish Cleveland and nominate himself for the Presidency. Hill is a politician of the lowest type, a "machine"-worker of the greatest ability. He succeeded Cleveland as the Governor of New York in 1885, and very soon became the tool of the political machine of which he is now the "boss." All the worst elements of American politics are personified in Hill. His public acts, to say nothing of his favouritism and corruption, stamp him as a dangerous man to hold a responsible position. He was re-elected to the Governorship for a second term, and during the seven years he held office he was the servant of the liquor party. He vetoed every Bill which hurt the liquor interest, but stood sponsor to a measure drafted by the liquor party. He vetoed every ballot reform Bill passed by the Legislature, but helped to pass a sham measure which allows the party "boss" to cover up the official voting-papers with a "paster" ballot. He has been at the service of rings, contractors, and Tammany Hall. His grand crime was to betray Cleveland at the election of 1888 and make the return of Harrison possible. As is well known, New York is the pivotal State which decides the Presidential election. In 1888 the curious thing happened that although Hill was re-elected Democratic Governor of the State, the Democratic Presidential candidate failed to carry it. It turned out that Hill had a "deal" with the Republicans, and arranged to sell the Presidency for the Governorship. So both parties now admit. Since then Hill has been insidiously conspiring and wire-pulling against Cleveland. He was elected a United States Senator last year, but held his Governorship until the end of his term last month. His object in going to Washington was to push his candidature for the Presidency; his object in not resigning the Governorship was, as a Democratic paper says, "to steal the State Legislature." His latest action in opposition to Cleveland has been to summon the "snap" State convention three months before the usual time.

If he succeeds in securing the State nomination for the Presidency, he will cut Cleveland out, as a candidate who is not supported by his own State would have no chance at the National Convention. Hill, although a dangerous man, is not a strong one. His popularity is only among the rag-tag of the Democratic party. He is not straight on tariff reform, or on any other question. His chance for the Presidency is hopeless. Still, he is strong enough and mischievous enough to damage Cleveland, and at the present moment Cleveland's greatest opponent seems to be this same Hill.

Hill's attempt to capture New York State by a premature convention is resented by the best men in the Democratic party. A meeting has been held at which three re-Federal Ministers and all the reputable leaders of the party issued a protest against his actions. It is still possible that the intrigues of the ambitious Hill may recoil upon himself. Mean-

while Mr. Cleveland holds aloof from such base actions, and will not be a party to political "machining." He keeps his hands clean when out of office, as he did when in power; he has pursued a dignified course; he has acted as an honest and fearless reformer; he is the right man to lead the Democratic party to victory in November next, and it will be a disastrous thing for America if the machinations of Hill and the operation of political "machines" deprive him of the party nomination.

THE LIBERAL PARTY AND LONDON GOVERNMENT.

THE action taken by the Liberal party in connection with the election of the London County Council is eminently wise. It would have been something like a scandal if nothing had been done by the Liberal leaders and the Liberal organisation to assist those who are trying to introduce Liberal principles into the government of the Metropolis. It is quite true that some of the principles which have found favour with the majority of the present County Council do not commend themselves to most Liberals. It is equally true that, taking London as it is, the cause of the Progressist party in the County Council is not altogether a popular one, and that consequently the Liberal party may lose almost as much as it can hope to gain from allying itself with that cause. Yet the broad fact remains that, on the whole, the County Council deserves well of the people of London, and especially well of those among them who profess to be Liberals. No public body has ever encountered greater obloquy and more violent and unscrupulous misrepresentation than the present County Council. People who take their views of public affairs from the *Standard*, the *Times*, or any of the other organs of the Government, would naturally come to the conclusion that the County Council was a body which, if not actually corrupt, was at least hopelessly incompetent. Every possible offence has been attributed to it by the friends of reaction, and the cry against it is raised at once in the name of privilege and in that of economy. Nothing can be more monstrously unfair than the treatment which it has thus received. But there is no mystery as to the reason for that treatment. Every friend of corruption, every friend of misgovernment, every friend of the antiquated and mischievous privileges of the City, naturally takes sides against the County Council. Nor is this all. Its enemies include those great property owners who have amassed enormous wealth, not by virtue of any capacity of their own, but simply because of the growth of London as a city. The case of the London County Council and its enemies is therefore nothing more than the old case of the masses and the classes. It is within the bounds of possibility that in the election which is about to take place the classes will win. The arts of misrepresentation which are now being so freely employed may achieve a success, and the benighted ratepayers of London may forge fetters for themselves in obedience to the instructions of the Duke of Westminster, Earl Wenys, and the Tory newspapers. If that should unfortunately be the case, we may rest assured that three years of a reactionary County Council will be more than sufficient to bring about the revolt of London, and to secure the removal of most of those privileges which are now so freely employed on behalf of the few at the expense of the many. Our hope, however, is that a different result will attend the election. It is impossible, indeed, to believe that the city

which boasts itself as the greatest known to civilisation, should deliberately turn its back upon the opportunity now offered to it of securing a wise and liberal form of government. For this reason alone we are glad that the Liberal leaders have taken up the cause of the County Council in good earnest. Whether they fail, or whether they succeed, they will have deserved well of the people of London by the part which they are now playing.

Lord Rosebery's letter to the president of the St. George's Liberal and Radical Association has put the case for the retiring County Council in a nutshell. Strenuous attempts have been made to prove that Lord Rosebery had separated himself from the majority of the Council, and no longer approved of their principles and methods of action. These attempts are shown by his letter to be absolutely without foundation in fact. The first president of the County Council does justice to the great qualities it has displayed, bears testimony to its absolute purity—as opposed to the corruption which has pervaded every other governing body within the limits of the Metropolis—shows that it has acted in a liberal and generous spirit in dealing with the social questions of the day, and furnishes conclusive testimony to the real practical ability displayed in the discharge of its multifarious duties. No public body, indeed, could desire a higher testimony to its merits and its efficiency than that which has thus been offered with regard to the County Council by Lord Rosebery. It is to be hoped that the ratepayers who are about to be called upon to exercise their municipal franchise will be able to discriminate between testimony of this kind and the wholesale abuse poured upon the Council by anonymous writers in the press. It is not too much to say that the future of the government of London is now at stake. Great questions have come to the front and must be settled without delay, in the interests either of the few or of the many. The incidence of taxation is, for example, a question in which it might well be supposed that the feeling of the ratepayers would be wholly on one side. The election of a Liberal County Council in succession to that which is about to retire will mean that the ground landlords of London will at last be called upon to bear something like their fair proportion of the burdens entailed upon the Metropolis as a whole. Hitherto they have fattened with impunity upon their fellow-citizens. Henceforth it is to be hoped their easily gotten wealth will at last be made to contribute its proper share to the government of the Metropolis. Nor is this the only probable benefit which must follow the election of a Liberal majority on the new County Council. The water supply of London, which has long been a question of importance, has now become one of something like life and death. What reason is there to suppose that a reactionary Council will take any effective steps to improve the supply of that which is almost the first necessary of life to the people of London? We know how this question has been played with by previous governing bodies of the reactionary type, and we may rest assured that it will never be effectually dealt with until it falls into the hands of a body at least as bold, as vigorous, and as liberal as that which is about to lay down office. We are not among those who advocate any revolutionary extension of the functions of the municipality, though we believe that these functions may be greatly widened without injury to anyone, and not a little to the benefit of the community as a whole. But at least we are entitled to insist that the people of London shall be endowed with the same rights of self-government that are enjoyed by the people of Manchester, Leeds, Birmingham, and other

provincial towns. Nothing less than this ought to satisfy any Metropolitan ratepayer. Yet even as much as this he cannot hope to obtain if the reactionary party should triumph in the coming election. We conceive that there has never been a case in which it was more clearly the duty of Liberals to stand by the party of progress than it is in this County Council election, and we may at least hope that no Liberal ratepayer throughout London will fail to give his support to the Progressist candidates when the time for voting comes.

THE RECORDER AND THE COMMON SERJEANT.

THIE Aldermen of London may be congratulated upon their choice of Sir Charles Hall as Recorder of the City. Sir Charles Hall, though leader of the Admiralty Court, is not in the front rank of the legal profession. But even with the handsome salary of four thousand a year, and the eligibility for a seat in Parliament, a lawyer of the first rank was not to be had. Sir Charles Hall is a courtier and a man of the world, with an unblemished character and the art of making himself generally agreeable. He has had a fair amount of civil and criminal practice, he is a Queen's Counsel of ten years' standing, and he is Attorney-General to the Prince of Wales. When the public consider who might have been chosen, they have good reason to rejoice over Sir Charles Hall. Even if he were a far less distinguished person than he is, he would still have the great advantage of not being Sir William Marriott or Sir William Charley. Sir Charles Hall, having represented his country at the Washington International Maritime Conference, and sat in Parliament for the Chesterton division of Cambridgeshire since 1885, will bring to the discharge of his new duties a varied experience and a considerable reputation. Unlike his father, the late Vice-Chancellor, who made his way in the world by his own talents and industry, Sir Charles has been the favourite of fortune and the spoilt child of Marlborough House. His Conservative politics and his princely friendships may perhaps have recommended him to the prosperous Fathers of the City more than his knowledge of criminal and international law. The Local Government Act of 1888 provided that no Recorder of London to be thereafter appointed should perform any judicial functions without the approval of the Crown. The original Bill more properly proposed that this, like all other judicial patronage, should be vested in the Government of the day. But the House of Lords, with its fellow-feeling of threatened institutions, came to the rescue of the City, and this rather clumsy compromise was the result. Sir Charles Hall was elected, subject to the statutory sanction being obtained through the Lord Chancellor. But that is, of course, in the present instance a mere formality. It might have been otherwise. We are loth to believe that even the spirit of partisanship would have induced even Lord Salisbury or Lord Halsbury to entrust the senior member for Brighton with the powers of a Judge. Unhappily, the office now conferred upon Sir Charles Hall has been suffered to fall below what it ought to be, and what in the time of that admirable man the late Mr. Russell Gurney it unquestionably was. If Sir Charles Hall resuscitates it, he will have more than justified the discrimination of the Aldermen.

Meanwhile the serious attention of the civic authorities should be directed to the proceedings of the Common Serjeant. Month after month, week after week, we had almost said day after day, there

occurs in that functionary's court some "scene" which exercises the pen of the descriptive reporter, and disgusts those sober citizens who desire to respect the administration of the law. When Sir Thomas Chambers died, the Common Serjeant had the assurance to claim the succession as of right. He has since devoted himself to proving that the Aldermen were wise in contemptuously disregarding his pretensions. Sir William Charley is openly flouted in his own tribunal, and told by counsel that he had better consult one of Her Majesty's Judges. Even jurymen suggest to him that he affords them no assistance by summing up the case. On Monday last he passed sentence upon Mr. Perryman, editor of a financial newspaper, for a libel. The prosecutor was a solicitor named Pullbrook, and the libel imputed unprofessional conduct. The jury found that the libel was true, and that the prosecutor deserved to be struck off the rolls, but that the exposure of his misconduct was not for the public benefit. Such a finding amounts in English law on a criminal prosecution to a verdict of guilty. But it is utterly absurd to say that society is not interested in unscrupulous solicitors being shown up; and that a man should be sent to prison without the option of a fine for speaking the truth is an outrage upon decency. The Common Serjeant says, "I understand the meaning of the jury to be simply this—that the paper in question was such a low, scurrilous, blackmailing paper that it was not for the public benefit that it should publish this." The Common Serjeant's reasoning is confused and his speech chaotic. But one thing is clear, as Mr. Cock promptly pointed out, with a rebuke which no Judge could accept from the Bar without humiliation. Sir William Charley's remarks were founded upon no sort of evidence. The Common Serjeant, in sentencing the defendant, denounced him for having libelled the jury which tried him by copying into his own paper extracts from the *Pall Mall Gazette* and the *Star*. This was a scandalous abuse of his position. There were no affidavits before him, and the charge of which Mr. Perryman was convicted had nothing to do with libelling the jury. After this it is comparatively insignificant that the Common Serjeant should have told the defendant he was liable to hard labour, which cannot, under Lord Campbell's Act, be inflicted for a libel. The jurisdiction of the Common Serjeant is only less important than the Recorder's; it affects all classes of Her Majesty's subjects, and it ought not to be exercised by a gentleman whose ignorance and incapacity are patent to the public, as well as to the Bar.

THE COMING AUSTRO-HUNGARIAN LOAN.

THE Austro-Hungarian Government has decided to resume specie payments, and just now is considering how best to do so. As a general principle, of course, it is true that it is injurious to a country that its money should fluctuate in purchasing power, and therefore it is desirable to steady its value at the earliest moment possible by accumulating a large metallic reserve. But it may be doubted whether it is wise of Austria-Hungary just now to attempt resumption—firstly, because in the present political condition of Europe war may at any moment break out, and war would again compel Austria-Hungary to suspend specie payments; and secondly, because at the present moment the task is likely to prove far too costly. However, the Hungarian Government has resolved upon the attempt, and Austria, somewhat reluctantly, has

yielded to its imperious partner. At the present time the money of Austria-Hungary consists almost entirely of paper. About 350 millions of florins consist of Treasury notes, and about 420 millions of notes of the Austro-Hungarian Bank. The florin is nominally worth 1s. 8d. of our money; but as the standard of value in Austria-Hungary is theoretically silver, the florin is really worth very much less than its nominal value. The first question, then, which has to be decided is, What value is to be attached to the paper florin when resumption takes place? Is it, that is to say, to be taken as worth 1s. 8d., or is it to be valued at the market price of silver? As a matter of fact, the paper money is worth more than its silver equivalent and is worth less than its gold equivalent. If the gold value is fixed upon, then everyone who owes money in Austria-Hungary will find his debts increased. If, on the other hand, the silver value is fixed upon, everyone to whom money is due will find his property reduced. The difficulty of satisfying both parties is considerable; but of course there must be ability enough to settle the matter fairly, and we may assume, therefore, that the result of the present deliberations will be a plan that will satisfy all reasonable persons. When, however, that difficulty is got over, there remains the much more serious one of obtaining the gold that will be necessary for resumption. It is understood that silver is to be demonetised and that gold is to be adopted as the standard of value. But Austria-Hungary has not the resources within itself to obtain the necessary amount of gold, and therefore a loan must be raised abroad. As the scheme finally to be carried out has not yet been arranged, it is not known how much gold will really be required, but the general understanding is that the loan will be for about £30,000,000 sterling.

We may assume at once that a loan of the kind would have no chance of success in France. As our readers are aware, France has suffered heavy losses through the breakdown in South America, the insolvency of Portugal, the crisis in Spain and Italy, and the famine in Russia; and besides, there is the fact that Austria-Hungary is a member of the Triple Alliance. There remain only England and Germany to look to for the necessary supplies. We are inclined to think that a loan of the kind could not be placed in this country. There is too much distrust; trade is depressed; everyone fears an outbreak of war upon the Continent, and nobody has confidence in the credit of the Continental countries. For these reasons alone it would be unwise to invest largely in the bonds of Austria-Hungary. The debt of the dual monarchy is already very heavy, and although undoubtedly it has made much economic progress during the past ten years it is still exposed to too many political dangers to make it advisable on the part of British investors to risk much money in it. Besides, the Chancellor of the Exchequer is about to introduce a Bill for the purpose of enabling the Bank of England to increase its stock of gold, and the case being so, it would clearly be unfortunate if Austria-Hungary were to be enabled to compete with the Bank of England for the gold which the latter so much requires. Of course, the Government of Austria-Hungary, supposing that it floated the loan, would give assurances that the gold would be taken gradually, and that every precaution would be adopted to prevent serious disturbances of the money market. It is said, indeed, that the payments of the instalments of the loan would be spread over three or five years as the agents for the loan might think advisable. But all the same, the fact would remain, that gold to the value of twenty or thirty millions sterling would be withdrawn from the open markets of the world, and that thus the scarcity of gold, already

serious, would be made worse than ever. We doubt, therefore, whether a large loan could be placed in London. Nor is Germany likely to take it. It seems probable, therefore, viewing all the circumstances, that if the Austro-Hungarian Government persists in bringing out a loan, it will be even a greater failure than the last Russian Loan in Paris. It may seriously injure the credit of Austria-Hungary, and it may also provoke a crisis in the great financial centres of the world.

CHRONICLE OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

WHILE European commerce is adjusting itself to the manifold complications of the new régime of carefully regulated intercourse varied by active tariff warfare, there is little to say as to international politics, and the supporters of Free Trade have not much to do beyond prophesying evil. The negotiations between Italy and Switzerland—the last of the series for the present—have been very much hampered by the demands of the cheese-makers of the latter country and the cotton-spinners of the former; and it is probable that they will be entirely broken off. It is good news that a new Free Trade Association just formed at Milan is urging the Italian Government to make concessions to Switzerland, and not imperil the whole trade between the two countries.

In France, while the stock of goods laid in in anticipation of the new tariff is being put on the markets, and the Custom House officers are painfully mastering the minute and complicated details of the two new tariffs, there is not much change in the situation. The "bock" of beer, indeed, has risen in price; mutton and pork are rising rapidly, owing to the stoppage of the dead meat trade with Hungary, and meat will soon be too dear for persons of moderate means. The trade in German game, too, is practically suspended. Extensive preparations for smuggling are reported all along the frontier; a multitude of new Customs officials are to be appointed—ten thousand, according to one account—and the Protectionist traders and agriculturists, or some of them, taking alarm at the impending agitation against the new restrictions, have petitioned the Government that no change shall be made in the tariff until there has been time to give it a fair trial. Meanwhile M. Méline, in an interview, has promised the extinction of the middleman, and the development of a French supply of food to take the place of all that has been cut off.

There is but little French news this week. Some importance is attached to the foundation of a "League for the Defence of Political Liberties" at Bordeaux, whose promoters are neither clergy nor, apparently, politicians; and whose object is to protect the rights of the parent and the commune—in other words, to permit church schools if the locality desires it. Its president, M. Gaston David, is a brother-in-law of the President of the Republic. The Chambers are enjoying their belated Christmas vacation. Almost all the Bishops have now stated their concurrence in the manifesto of the five Cardinals, accepting the Republic, but protesting against the manner in which it is conducted.

Early this week the French Government sent a second note to the Porte declining to admit that any question of principle was determined by the settlement of the Chadourne difficulty. The incident, however, is not reopened.

On Sunday morning a crowded meeting of Liberals was held in Brussels to discuss the proposed Constitutional revision. Delegates from all parts of Belgium insisted on the supreme importance of granting universal suffrage, and the necessity of subordinating all other questions to it. The "Royal Referendum" was condemned, while the Swiss type of referendum seems to have secured a good deal of Liberal support.

The Right held a private meeting on Tuesday and Wednesday, at which, it is believed, the Royal Referendum was also very generally condemned. But as the Ministry has made it a question of confidence, the party will support it, provided it is introduced experimentally—that is, by an ordinary law, and not a clause in the Constitution. The way in which heterogeneous proposals of all degrees of importance are bundled together into one motion by the Government somewhat tends to raise suspicions as to their good faith. Should the revision scheme be again postponed, there will undoubtedly be a serious crisis. At present the Liberals and the Labour party are in entire accord. On Monday an open-air meeting in Brussels, at which the Socialist, M. Volders, was to speak, was prohibited at the last moment by the Burgomaster, and dispersed quietly.

Count Limburg Stirnen has paid the penalty for his recent article in the *Kreuz Zeitung* expressing regret at the conduct of the Government towards the Conservative party in the matter of the Commercial Treaty with Austria, and questioning its good faith. The article was regarded by the Government as "calculated to discredit its foreign policy at home and abroad." The trial took place before a "disciplinary" court composed of high officials, and the offence has been visited with the severest penalty applicable—dismissal from the public service. It remains to be seen whether this proceeding will shake the allegiance of the German Conservatives to the present Government.

The Committee to which the Elementary Schools Bill has been referred has passed a clause—moved by Herr Rickert, the Liberal leader—to the effect that the schools are State institutions and should be under State control. The Minister of Education regarded this as surplusage, but it was passed, only the Catholic members opposing. This seems to be a point gained by the opponents of the Bill. Some Ultramontane journals are advocating the measure as "a protest against religious indifferentism."

The new German loan of £8,000,000, and the Prussian loan of £9,000,000, were subscribed for on Tuesday. The interest on each is 3 per cent., and the issue price was 83 $\frac{1}{2}$. It is understood that the first loan was covered four times and the second three times over—by *bond-side* investors in the main.

A striking contrast to the respect shown by the Prussian Government to Polish nationality is afforded by its arbitrary conduct in Schleswig-Holstein. A number of Danes, who have mostly married and settled in the district, have just been expelled—some at forty-eight hours' notice; and it is said that all non-naturalised resident Danes will be treated similarly. Is this the result of the entry of Denmark into the Franco-Russian alliance?

To-morrow the Old Czech members of the Bohemian Landtag will meet at Prague to decide whether they shall resign their seats or not. If they do not, it will be on the understanding that the Germano-Czech compromise we spoke of last week shall be postponed for the present; if they do, it will be an appeal to the Czechs against the Germans, and a sign of the reunion of the Czech parties. Either way, the prospect is not pleasant for the Austrian Government.

The Hungarian General Election has resulted in a very slight nett gain to the Government. However, all the other parties have gained also—the gains being at the expense of the "savages," or unattached members, who now number only four. Modifications of the Cabinet are talked of, probably involving concessions to Count Apponyi. Count Szapary, the Premier, in a speech at Temesvar on Sunday, indicated the approaching introduction of the Closure—to which the late President of the Chamber is strongly opposed—and declared the fidelity of the Government to the present constitution of the Empire.

In Italy there have been somewhat serious disturbances among the unemployed, notably at Turin, Milan, and Reggio in the Emilia. An

unsatisfactory debate on the subject has taken place in the Chamber.

The "Art Restraints Bill," enforcing the prohibition (dating from Papal times) of the sale of the great galleries of the Roman families by heavier penalties than have hitherto existed, has passed both Houses.

In Spain there have been serious fears of a disturbance. The Anarchist leaders concerned in the recent revolt at Xeres were convicted on Monday, four being sentenced to death, and three to hard labour for life. The death sentences were carried out publicly early on Wednesday morning. No disturbance took place. Efforts were, however, made by the Labour party in Barcelona to observe the day as one of mourning, and the agitation there is increasing. There are fears also of an outbreak in Saragossa and Valladolid. At Bilbao all is quiet again. The anniversary of the proclamation of the Republic in 1874 has been awaited with some anxiety, but has passed off quietly. Serious floods have occurred in the extreme north and south of Spain—notably at Oviedo and at Seville.

The Finance Committee of the Portuguese Parliament have reported in favour of a heavy and progressive income-tax, rising rapidly as high as 20 per cent., and a strict limitation of official salaries.

A fresh revolution is reported to be imminent in Brazil. Three of the Ministers have resigned, and an outbreak is expected—primarily in Rio Grande do Sul.

FROM GREEN BENCHES.

IT is not all mere fancifulness that makes the familiar scene seem invested with a more than usually heavy atmosphere of tragedy. The mighty changes which have taken place since last this gathering came together are in the minds of all; and, if they have slipped away, are soon brought back. In the House of Commons of all places tragedy walks with muffled tread and hushed voice. A clerk drones from the Table the title of the debate that will soon have excited a cyclone of contending furies; the final fate of a revolutionary change is told in the accents of an auctioneer's catalogue; and Mr. Peel, though he has a splendid voice, which gives emphasis to even the commonplace, has to follow the traditions of his office in the impassivity with which he makes the usual announcements. But even all this cannot wholly subdue the unusualness of the list of momentous deaths that have taken place in the last few months. Mr. Speaker has to tell of the writs which he has had to issue during the recess; and there is something strangely thrilling as he speaks the words "in the room of William Henry Smith, deceased"; "in the room of Charles Stewart Parnell, deceased"; "in the room of Richard Power, deceased"; and, finally, "in the room of Lord Hartington," called by his many but unfamiliar names as one of the Cavendishes, who is as dead to the House of Commons as if, like the others, he had finished his mortal life.

There is a further reminder of all that has happened in the unparalleled sight at the bar. Never in the memory of any man have so many applicants for admission stood there together. On the Liberal side, though there is the subjugation of the general mood, there are evidences of the exultant self-confidence of coming victory. Cheers are bestowed on every newcomer; but it is on Mr. Lambert, and still more on Mr. Maden—the victors of South Molton and Rossendale—that the storm of passionate and triumphant welcome bursts. The Irish benches tell more distinctly than anything else in the House of the prevalent mood of subdued reflection and tragic change. There was a time when there came from these benches a note—loud, full, and concentrated—that was one of the most spirit-stirring sounds of the House of Commons. The Irish benches are crowded—

unusually so—but the notes from them have strangely discordant and scattered echoes. Men of twelve years' companionship and friendship sit beside each other, separated by the silent abyss of the suspicions and hatreds of civil war.

The House shows soon its lighter and more mocking vein. That assembly is sometimes like a speaking caricature. Mr. Chaplin is never subdued to a modest estimate either of himself or his concerns; and there is far more of self-satisfaction in his air and manner as he rises to announce his Small Holdings Bill than in Mr. Balfour's quiet and anxious entrance upon his noble heritage. The House, however, will not allow Mr. Chaplin to have his self-satisfaction undisturbed; and there rises from the Liberal benches a loud jeer that would enable even a stranger to note the difference between Mr. Chaplin's estimate of himself and the cruelly true estimate which is held by other people.

Sir William Harcourt has a mental exuberance that can withstand a deeper attack of gloom than even that of the first night of the last Session of this Parliament. He speaks the epitaph on the poor Duke of Clarence with appropriate and, perhaps, rather overdone lugubriousness; but he is soon in the midst of the active warfare in which he is so much more at home. A whisper had gone round that the indiscretions at Exeter were to form a prominent feature of the speech of the acting leader of the Opposition. Sir William Harcourt is one of the few public men left who carefully prepare, and even write down the very words of their important speeches. From successive half sheets of note-paper his orations are read, though the delivery has a freshness that would conceal that fact from an unaccustomed onlooker. Slowly, but skilfully, Sir William leads up to his points; and then, amid continuous shouts of delighted laughter, he hits blow after blow at the Prime Minister's reckless outburst. Sir Edward Clarke is rash enough to strike across the path of the Parliamentary Leviathan as he stamps and tramples along, and is promptly crushed. Altogether it is one of the best things Sir William Harcourt has done, winding up triumphantly with a fling at the face of the bigoted Lord Salisbury of today, the truer and higher language of the Lord Robert Cecil of thirty years ago.

Mr. Balfour shows that anxiety and failure have come with painful suddenness. There are few men in the House whose moods are so changeable. In the same night, sometimes even at intervals of an hour or half an hour, he can make one of the worst and one of the best speeches. The first speech is in one of his unhappy moods. He has been taken unawares; is weighted down with the sense of portentous expectancy, of all things in the world the most distracting to an orator; and, above all things, he is unable to either praise or condemn the childish speech of his relative and chief which has formed the staple of his dexterous opponent's attack. Mr. Balfour has often spoken feebly in the House—he never spoke any other way for nearly eighteen years of his existence there; his first speech as leader will stand out as one of the worst and feeblest he ever made. But it would be unjust and childish to assume that he will go on as he has begun. When he feels his place easy and familiar, when he is taken with fair warning and with plenty of time to reflect and order his thoughts and sentences, above all, when he has drunk deep enough of battle to have caught its inspiration, he will be a mighty, formidable combatant for even the best and sturdiest of Liberal champions to meet.

And how, finally, was it with the last of the trio of leaders? Nobody who was present can ever forget that memorable afternoon some years ago when the House paid its tribute to the great popular figure that had for so many a year swayed its every mood—the subdued splendour of Mr. Gladstone's funeral oration over the colleague and friend; the stumbling sincerity of Mr. Smith; the graceful and tender little epitaph which in the name of Ireland Mr. McCarthy

wrote on the tomb of him who had once been Ireland's boldest and most eloquent friend ; and then the harsh, grating, vulgar accents that broke in on the scene with the trivialities of the shallow mind ; the inanities and vulgarities of the commonplace and sordid nature. And so it was last Thursday evening. It was not the splendour of Harcourt's attack, or the feebleness of Balfour's reply, that will live in memory of these opening nights so much as the depths to which Mr. Chamberlain was able to go himself, and to drag after him the House of Commons. There are moments when that assembly rises to heights of noble passion, splendid rage, Titanic resolution ; but there are moments also when it goes down to depths of triviality, petty passion, vulgar taste that might disgrace the gallery of an East End theatre. If anybody has any doubt of the truth of this, let him read the report of Mr. Chamberlain's speech in the *Times* of yesterday morning ; and above all, let him note the interruptions in the shape of Tory cheers. "We have sat at the feet of two Gamaliels" (loud laughter and cheers) ; "Morituri te salutant" (great sensation) ; "The session which was to have come in like a roaring lion, has opened like a bleating lamb" (prolonged applause) ; and finally, "Everybody will remember the trial of Bardell versus Pickwick" (great and prolonged laughter). This is a fair summary of Mr. Chamberlain's resources and of the Tory reception of his points, and if anything were wanted to complete the picture of mental degradation, of the vulgar and squalid commonplaceness, it would be found in the perky face, the voice—shallow but full of oleaginous self-complacency—and the general air of intense and yet petty self-adoration. It is perhaps after all a relief that in the midst of the sombre shadows that fill the House with ghosts of the great dead, one can fall on the eternal littleness of life, on the splendid novel humour of "Bardell versus Pickwick," the erudition of "Morituri te salutant," and the imposing figure of the smart and cocky commercial traveller playing at leadership in the august Senate of the British Empire.

THE NEW STAR.

SINCE the beginning of human history, problems connected with the magnitude and construction of the heavens have always had the greatest interest for mankind. The ever-changing moon and planets, the apparently ever-fixed and unchanging stars, have in turn been studied with a view of piercing the secret of the universe. Among the phenomena which promised to allow the veil to be lifted a little were those connected with the appearance of new stars from time to time among the host of heaven. But what is the number of this host? The number of stars visible to the naked eye at any one time amounts only to about three thousand. At the first glance the observer might think that their number was infinite, but a closer scrutiny shows that this is not so : still, by the use of telescopes, we are able to penetrate further and further into space as the power is increased, so that, instead of reckoning stars by thousands as formerly, the number within the grasp of the most powerful instruments of to-day may be taken to be about two hundred millions. These we may call old stars.

Not many days ago an announcement was made that another star had appeared in the heavens, and it is wonderful, when one comes to consider it, that, although its light has so recently reached us, the change which it indicates in the condition of matter somewhere in space may have taken place probably at least thirty or forty years ago.

Of these bodies only about twenty have appeared during our astronomical history, so that their number is infinitely small compared with that of the old stars stated above. To find out whether a star is a new one may at first sight seem difficult,

but now, thanks to our many charts, we can always make quite certain of the fact. In the present case, the star appeared in the constellation of Auriga, situated in the Milky Way, and its place on the charts was found to contain no indication of any previously known star, so that no question as to its genuineness could be raised. Of the new stars which have from time to time appeared, the two earliest, which attracted very great attention, were those of 1572 and 1604. These were observed by those eminent astronomers Tycho Brahe and Kepler. The former, whilst returning home to supper, happened to glance at the sky, and perceived in the constellation of Cassiopeia an exceedingly bright star which he had never noticed before. As he could not believe his own eyes, the story goes that he turned to his servants and asked them whether they could see it; although they answered in the affirmative, he inquired again of some peasants, who gave him a like answer. No longer doubting his senses, though they showed that the unchangeableness of the heavens was a myth, he at once prepared to determine its position. The star here alluded to almost rivalled Venus in brightness, and was even seen in the daytime.

But it may be asked : What is the cause of these sudden outbursts? Are we really the witnesses of some great conflagration that is taking place at a distance of millions and millions of miles from us? Many astronomers have studied this question and have put forward hypotheses to account for them. The hypotheses themselves, when considered generally, are of very great interest, so that we will give a brief summary of those that were held in their respective times to be satisfactory. It must be understood in the first instance that the invention of the telescope did not take place until the year 1609, or thereabouts, so that previous to this all observations had to be made simply with the naked eye. Tycho Brahe and Kepler, both of whom lived and worked before this date, concluded that new stars were due to the sudden condensation of the nebulous material in the Milky Way, the former even pointing out that the region about them was left dark and void by the withdrawal of the luminous stuff. Sir Isaac Newton supposed them to be due to the meeting of a comet with a star in space, the sudden luminosity being produced by the tremendous impact between the bodies. An ingenious idea advanced by Zöllner, in later times, was to the effect that stars at certain periods of their formation were covered with an opaque, non-luminous crust ; if the incandescent matter underneath should burst through, the crust would, so to speak, be burnt up again, producing both light and heat.

But it is by the use of the spectro-scope that we have learned most relating to this special class of phenomena. It may be remembered that Mr. Norman Lockyer in his meteoritic hypothesis suggested a classification for all stars, on the supposition that at some period of their existence they were increasing their temperature and at another they were decreasing it, while, on the other hand, Kant and Laplace had only imagined a decreasing temperature, their idea being that the stars cooled from an initial condition of extremely heated gas. To make Mr. Lockyer's view clear, let us take the case of a star, and follow the physical changes which, according to his hypothesis, it should undergo :—In the first place it would consist of a mass of meteorites or meteoritic dust, each particle moving independently, but so far separated from the others that few collisions would be probable. Owing to their mutual attraction, they would in time be drawn into a more compact mass, in which more collisions among themselves would be certain to take place : these collisions would at first produce very feeble luminosity and heat, but, as their number increased, the temperature would be raised and vapour from the stones would be given off, so that a time would come when not a single stone would be left.

Just before arriving at this stage the star would

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be hottest, and therefore brightest. After this it would commence to lower its temperature—the cooling would of course commence from the outside, so that, as the heat was radiated into space, the external surface would gradually become denser and resemble the surface or photosphere of the sun as seen to-day. After a long lapse of time this external envelope would condense into a liquid, and eventually into a solid mass, while the centre would still be at a high temperature—the condition of our earth at present.

But again we may ask, What has this to do with the causes that produce the phenomena of new stars? The answer is simple.

Space, as we know, is not a vacuum, but contains this meteoritic dust in sheets and streams, the particles composing which are moving in various directions with greater or less velocities. Let us imagine a cloud of these stones all making their way through space; it is clear that as they pursue their course they may meet occasionally with some of these other meteorites, which will cause collisions among the bodies composing the two swarms. The mass, as a whole, would be more or less invisible so long as the collisions were small in number; but suppose a denser swarm to suddenly meet another, like itself in rapid movement, what will be the result of these two opposing forces? The particles in each swarm would collide violently with those in the other; both heat and light would suddenly be emitted, and many meteorites would become incandescent and give off vapour. As the swarms passed out from one another the collisions would be fewer, and so the temperature would decrease: and it would generally decrease quickly, for we are dealing only with a number of small masses, and not with one large mass by itself. The word "level-crossing" has been used to denote the intersection of these meteor swarms, and some very good instances of them can be perceived in those beautiful photographs of the Pleiades taken by Mr. Roberts. From these photographs it can be gathered that the principal stars are not stars at all in the ordinary sense, but simply so many regions in a nebula where the dust-streams are intersecting.

A curious point in reference to new stars is that they nearly always appear in the Milky Way; this has been accounted for in the following manner:—The Milky Way, as everyone knows, contains more stars than any other part of the heavens. Now, stars, on the new view, are, as we have stated above, not all cooling globes of vapour, but many of them may represent the intersection of meteoritic streams. On this hypothesis, then, the Milky Way would be liberally supplied with just the very conditions that would be required for the formation of new stars. As a variable star is produced, on Mr. Lockyer's hypothesis, by the motion of two swarms, one of which revolves in an elliptic orbit round the other, it will be interesting to determine whether the nova was not a variable star after all, before it had been recognised as a nova, for we learn that Professor Pickering had obtained three photographs of its spectrum in the course of the photographic mapping of stars and their spectra. This telegram leaves a good deal to be explained, but one subsequently received and published in the *Standard*, of Wednesday, puts the matter in a clearer light. In this telegram the Harvard astronomers do not hesitate to accept it as a new star—not a long-period variable—and to ascribe its sudden appearance to a collision between two celestial bodies. This is a great victory for English Science. But this is not all. Mr. Lockyer has already obtained photographs which have enabled him to communicate to the Royal Society precisely what order of celestial bodies was in question, and the speed at which the two swarms are now separating themselves from each other. This is about *five hundred miles a second*. So science advances step by step, and so the ancient mysteries disappear.

MR. J. K. STEPHEN.

MR. J. K. STEPHEN has died, and a most striking personality is lost to Cambridge. A genial companion, a witty conversationalist, and an eloquent speaker, the author of "*Lapsus Calami*" was never a man to pass unnoticed among his fellows. His "*Reflector*," his threatened descent upon Kilkenny, and, finally, his lively "slips of the pen," brought him before the public.

He presented himself as "a pupil of C. S. C." but the expression does not define him. He was something less, and something more. We are reminded most distinctly of Calverley in the "*Lines at the Riverside*." The poet comes upon a "shawl on the grass," by the river's brink, and pictures to himself the fate of the wearer—a suicide:

"Doubt, hesitation, and fear,
Madness, delusion, despair,
All of them culminate there,
There by the swift-rushing weir."

and so the description continues until it is broken in upon by the real possessor of the inspiring rag:

"Only a nursery maid
Come back to look for her shawl."

Endings like this abound in Calverley. It was a favourite stage-trick of his which may be imitated with success.

The parodies in "*Lapsus Calami*" of F. W. H. Myers, Wordsworth, and Walt Whitman (we arrange according to the merit of the "sincere flatteries") have also a flavour of the master. They tickle one's ear with the rhythms of the poets imitated, and one's sense of humour with the absurdity of the thoughts expressed. They are quiet, confident, and flowing.

But it is the very epithets that we are able to apply to those particular pieces which suggest the points in which J. K. S. did not achieve what C. S. C. did. In what he attempted, Calverley was, practically, always successful. He found exactly the right word for his purpose, and used it naturally. He went on long enough, and stopped soon enough. Finally, the result was unstrained, the work of one who knew what he would do and could do it. The sense of mastery with which Calverley impresses us is one of his chief charms.

J. K. S., on the other hand, often struggles to what he does not attain. He lets you into his secret frankly, and seems laughing in your face at his own attempts, even at his own failures. His humour is boisterous and restless, not at all self-contained and reposed. He is evidently determined to amuse, and for that purpose seeks to startle, almost to shock. He will not say anything like other people, and is often disappointing instead of amusing in his originality. This tendency sometimes results in jerkiness of rhythm which is unpleasant.

But while J. K. S. is not so finished an artist as C. S. C., he has, at any rate, published attempts of much more varied nature than his beloved master. We say published advisedly, because it would be impertinent to speak of things which Calverley never printed, though he *may* have at once found his own proper line. In a burst of confidence to his pen, J. K. S. remarked that, in spite of his popularity,

We "both were certain all the time,
As any candid friend could be,
That though we might succeed in rhyme,
We could not rise to poetry."

This is a proposition which we are partly prepared to dispute. In the beautiful "*Dawn of the Year*," J. K. S. nearly throws off the chains of idiosyncrasy with which he has eloged the expression of his muse, and produces a really noble poem. "*Quo Musa Tendis*" contains also meditations on his school and college, on river scenes and old friends, that are musical and reflective.

He is touching a high level in "A Paradox":

"To find out what you cannot do,
And then to go and do it."

That reminds one of "The Grammarian's Funeral," and many other utterances of Browning, who has not, however, himself expressed the thought more forcibly.

We find another mood in "Quo Musa Tendis" which is absent in Calverley, the mood of cynicism. "A Remonstrance," "A Joke," "An After-thought," "After the Golden Wedding," and "A Pair of Fools" are all bitter, like the following portrait:—

"Oh yes! I know the sort of man!
A not entirely vacant eye;
A ready smile, a kind of style;
A forehead adequately high;
Curls more or less Olympian.
* * * * *
The type is common: wherefore tarry
To paint what all must know so well?
He's rather tall, his feet are small,
He's thoroughly conventional:
A man who moves in common grooves,
And never startles you at all;
Or, all in one sad phrase to tell,
The sort of man that women marry."

LOTISM.

WAS it Corneille or Segrais who complained that the Turks in Racine's *Bajazet* were not sufficiently Turkish; had too much of the "sentiments qu'on a au milieu de la France"; were, in fact, Frenchmen in caftan and fez? An egregious commentator has lately declared that *Othello* is not sufficiently Venetian, for the curious reason that there are no gondolas in that play. Nowadays, every literary dauber has his palette spread with "local colour," and lays it on with a trowel. But the artist in exotism, who pierces to the very soul, the truest inwardness of the foreign, who steeps himself in alien atmospheres, is as rare as ever. In England he can hardly be said to exist at all. The Englishman, in spite of all temptations to belong to other nations, remains what the ballad says. Sir Edwin Arnold goes to Japan and returns a Neo-Buddhist, but still very much—or, rather, more than ever—Sir Edwin Arnold. Even in France, where the sympathetic imagination flourishes, your true exotist is hard to find. It is darkly whispered that most of the picturesque Orientals who made "Cairo Street" at the last Exhibition the noisiest and most expensive bazaar in Europe were natives of Montmartre. But the French Academy boasts one true exotist, the exotist of exotists, the high-priest of the cult, M. Pierre Loti. M. Loti's exotism is so peculiar to himself, so much a thing apart, that one is tempted to give it a new name—Lotism. The descriptions of Nature, the catalogues of *bric-à-brac*, of the ordinary traveller are here but auxiliary to the psychology of love. "Gentlemen, I give you 'Woman, lovely woman,'" said the bagman in "Pickwick." Pierre Loti has for these dozen years and more been "giving us woman"—woman in Honolulu, woman in Stamboul, woman at the foot of Mr. Whistler's friend, Fusi-Yama. And now, after confessing to us all these Sub-Tropical, Levantine, and Japanese loves, M. Loti is still harping on the old theme. His heart is now—and little wonder, so furiously has it burned!—an extinct volcano, and he invites us to inspect the crater. He overhauls his faded love-letters, takes out his little tokens and trinkets—a lock of hair (sometimes rather crisp and woolly), an amulet, a toy-fan—and wonders what has become of the fair (or dusky) one. It is a sad mood, of course—full of the sense of tears in human things, and the *mortalia* which *tangunt mentem*. At times he strikes an almost tragic note.

Tragedy, the tragedy of death and decay, is certainly the note of his last book, "Fantôme d'Orient" (Paris: Calmann Lévy). Years ago M. Loti told in "Aziyadé" the story of his *amours* with a lady

from the harem of a particularly unspeakable Turk at Constantinople. For the lady's sake Loti made himself a Turk, and for a whole year the pair were together at Hadjiken and Eyoub, places whose mere names are as blessed as Mesopotamia. At the year's end he returned to his ship—for to make yourself a Turk for ever was not a way they had in the Navy—and Loti saw Aziyadé no more. Ten years of voyages in other climes (and, alas! of experience with other ladies) passed, and then Loti began, somewhat tardily, to wonder what had become of Aziyadé. Nothing would satisfy him but a flying trip to Constantinople—and in "Fantôme d'Orient" we have the result. From the outset he has a presentiment that Aziyadé is dead. Her letters ceased to come long ago—ceased suddenly and mysteriously. Her very trace is lost. He has nothing but an old address, written in Arabic characters by Achmet, the public scribe, in the Square of Jeni-Djami—the address of an old Armenian woman: "Anaktar-Chiraz, who lives in the faubourg of Kassim-Pacha, in a low house, by the Square of Hadji-Ali; alongside is a fruit-stall, and opposite is an old man who sells tarbooshes."

The wording of this document at once transports us to the world of the Arabian Nights, and we should not be surprised if Loti made the journey to Constantinople on a magic carpet. However, he takes the Orient Express, stopping at Bucharest on the way to visit "Carmen Sylva." When in sight of Constantinople he recognises it—as, to be sure, other travellers have done—by the smell. But you are not to suppose that this detail is introduced ludicrously: humour, especially the humour of travel, is anathema to Pierre Loti, and were he to meet the author of "A Tramp Abroad," one fears there would be wigs on the green.

"Tout-à-coup, comme nous approchons de la terre, il nous arrive une senteur pénétrante, spéciale, exquise à mes sens—une senteur jadis si bien connue et depuis longtemps oubliée, la senteur de la terre turque, quelque chose qui vient des plantes ou des hommes, je ne sais, mais qui n'a pas changé et qui, en un instant, me ramène tout un monde d'impressions d'autrefois. Alors, brusquement, il se fait dans mon existence comme un trou de dix années, un effondrement de tout ce qui s'est passé depuis ce jour d'angoisse où j'ai quitté Stamboul, et je me retrouve complètement en Turquie avant même d'y avoir remis les pieds, comme si une certaine âme mienne, qui n'en serait jamais partie, venait de reprendre possession de mon corps irresponsable et errant . . ."

The first thing is to find the old Armenian woman, Anaktar-Chiraz. Loti hurries off to the Faubourg Kassim-Pacha, but the fruiteer's stall and the old man who sells tarbooshes have long since vanished into the Ewigkeit, and the woman has gone to another suburb on the other side of the town, Pri-Pacha. Then begins a chase from pillar to post. Arrived at Pri-Pacha, the inquirer learns that the woman is on a visit to a sick-bed at Kassim-Pacha, the place he had started from. At last she is found:—

"Oh! oui, c'est bien elle; je viens de reconnaître surtout ce demi-sourire, très bon, très honnête, qui a éclairé un instant son visage parcheminé et durci. Une natte de ses cheveux, restés noirs comme de l'ébène, entoure le foulard de soie, également noir, dont sa tête est enveloppée comme d'une bandelette. Sa robe usée, mais propre, est taillée à l'europeenne, d'une forme démodée, avec des biais de velours noir. Chez nous, dans des villages du Midi ou de l'Auvergne, des vieilles femmes ont cette tenue et cet aspect."

Alas! the old woman's memory has well-nigh gone. But it comes back at the mention of Achmet, Loti's old servant. "Eulù! Eulù!" Dead, dead—Achmet is dead. And henceforth one seems to hear this lugubrious refrain of "Eulù! Eulù!" ringing through the whole book. A sister of Achmet's is living, who may perchance be able to tell of the fate

of Aziyadé. With much difficulty this woman is found, and of her Loti asks the question which he is afraid to have answered—

"Et tremblant je me décide à dire :

"Tu te souviens bien de *Madame Aziyadé*, la petite dame turque que ton frère aimait beaucoup, lui aussi? Tu t'en souviens?" Alors elle pose ses tasses et sa serviette, comme pour être plus libre, comprenant que le grave interrogatoire commençait. Et elle fait 'oui' de la tête, avec un geste des mains qui signifie: 'Oh! si je m'en souviens! Comment aurais-je pu oublier tout cela!'

"Encore un silence, pendant lequel j'entends une suite de petits coups frappés régulièrement à mes tempes—le bruit pressé des artères qui battent. Et enfin, d'une voix brusque, qui s'étrange un peu, je pose la question suprême :

"Elle est morte, n'est-ce pas?"

"Lente à parler elle me regarde, et ses yeux tristes, tout creusés, prennent un air de surprise presque injurieuse. . . . Alors, en quelques secondes d'attente, peu à peu je comprends que c'est oui. . . ."

Poor Aziyadé. "Eulù! Eulù!" After Loti's departure she had pined away, then the other women of the harem had betrayed her secret to her lord, the unspeakable Abeddin, who first made her a prisoner and at last had her poisoned. It now only remains for Loti to make a pilgrimage to her tomb. But none knows where that is save "Kadidja the negress" (again a whiff of the "Arabian Nights"), and Kadidja herself is at the point of death. The description of the journey to the tomb with the negress, carried on a litter—a long and painful journey, for Aziyadé has been buried in a desolate cemetery far outside the town—is one of Loti's masterpieces. The tomb is neglected, the litter-men are inclined to scoff at Loti's passionate outbursts of grief and self-reproach, and Loti returns alone on the morrow to take a last farewell of the dead. Eulù! Eulù!

It is never very safe to take Pierre Loti literally: he confesses himself that he mixes fiction with fact in his books; otherwise it would be an obvious remark that he cuts a somewhat sorry figure in this story which he relates with such tearful complacency. To wear your heart upon your sleeve for Turkish porters to jest at would be a trifle compared with the public exhibition of it (for three francs and a half) to all literary Europe. But let us hope that Loti did not behave quite so badly to poor Aziyadé as he pretends. In any case, it is impossible to resist the seduction of his style, its suavity, distinction, grace. And one cannot choose but admire the skill with which Loti fixes and interprets vague, tenebrous, fugitive moods. As an impression of "old, unhappy, far-off things," this "*Fantôme d'Orient*" is a little masterpiece.

THE PROPOSED DESTRUCTION OF THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

MR. TATE, who for a long time past has been a victim to a feverish desire for immortality, purchased, with a view to the alleviation of his sufferings, a large collection of modern pictures. With pictures for passport, signed, were they not, by Long, Faed, Fildes, Hook, Stanhope Forbes, and all the other heirs to the kingdom of hereafter, he went to the National Gallery; but there grave and cruel doubts were thrown upon the signatories, they were declared to be no heirs at all, and ever since poor Mr. Tate shrieks anathema and calls aloud for a shrine, or at least for permission to build a shrine, for his immortals and their patron.

The spectacle of the itinerant Tate trundling his barrow of mock immortals from Kensington to Hampton Court, and from Hampton Court back to

Trafalgar Square is sufficiently ludicrous and would long ago have found such immortality as the pages of *Punch* can afford had it not been that Mr. Tate's wailing has been accompanied with a jingling of the guinea. At every sign of laughter Mr. Tate shook his pockets, and at the sound of seventy thousand pounds the irreverent were hushed. When the pictures had been turned from the National Gallery, when the Government had refused the Kensington Galleries, suddenly an anonymous voice was heard offering eighty thousand pounds to build the shrine. Again the multitude was silenced by the mighty sound of gold, and when search was made whose was the voice? was it—? Whose do you think? Mr. Tate's! Clever boy, go to the top of the class! But why not accept Mr. Tate's "munificent offer," to quote the language of Mr. Spielmann, one of the prophets of the coming Valhalla? Well, on the whole, there is no reason why Mr. Tate should not be allowed to build an art gallery at Kensington—the light in the existing galleries he has declared not to be sufficiently elysian for his immortals, and it is proposed that he shall be given a piece of ground on the Thames Embankment to build on. Why not let him immortalise himself at his own price? Why not let Herkomer, Fildes, Dicksee, and Holman Hunt stand, in lieu of statues, in the niches, and sing joyful and commemorative music on the opening of the gallery? Why not let Herkomer compose the music and let his moon rise over the central façade? Why not, since neither the music nor the moon, the pictures nor the gallery, will cost us anything? And if another Tate should arise and propose to build and maintain at his own cost a library wherein should be found the back numbers of every newspaper published in the Anglo-Saxon-speaking world, why, I ask, should we not allow the newer Tate to gratify his craze? The hypercritical may think that current journalism should suffice for our reading, and that back numbers ought to be allowed to go the peaceful way of such things. Even so many of us think that the Academicians might be treated. There is but one judge, Time. Time's judgments alone are unerring, and we may ask, Why should Mr. Tate's immortals be saved from the test which all who really live after death have successfully passed? Why perpetuate what may prove but the folly of an hour? Embalm all dead cats and dogs, and prove that we are no wiser to-day than were the Egyptians five thousand years ago?

But so earnest is Mr. Tate in his desire for immortality that I would not that he should be thwarted in his desire if it can possibly be helped. I have no valid objection to offer against any except one of the schemes that have been formulated for the purpose of gratifying this lover of the future, and that one is Mr. Spielmann's. Mr. Spielmann proposes that Mr. Tate should be allowed to build the new wing of the National Gallery, and place therein his collection of modern pictures. The pictures were refused by the authorities in Trafalgar Square because they were not considered to be worthy of the National Gallery. Is not this enough? Why should Mr. Tate come a second time and try to force Sir Frederick Burton to hang what he has already said he does not deem worthy of place in the National Gallery. Such vanity is puerile. One of two things: Mr. Tate and Mr. Spielmann must call into question the judgment of Sir Frederick Burton and the trustees, or they must bow to their decision. I'm afraid that Mr. Spielmann is not a discreet advocate. In his article in the *New Review* he was unwise enough to reveal the fact that Mr. Agnew is also anxious to endow the new building—and to the extent of ten thousand pounds. I have no wish to attack Mr. Agnew, but it must be clear to everyone that if a picture-dealer is to be allowed to endow a branch of the National Gallery, and the very branch which is to be devoted to the modern "masters," there is at once an end to all purity and all principle in the conduct of our National Gallery; at once it will become no better than any sale-room in Bond Street.

I say again that I have no wish to attack Mr. Agnew. But I must accept him as a human being, and he would be more than human if he did avail himself of the power that ten thousand pounds would give him to get the works of the painters he believed in and was interested in hung in the new wing of the National Gallery. A more wholly monstrous proposal than Mr. Spielmann's was, in my opinion, never put before the public.

Here I will ask Mr. Spielmann to state what good could come of a British Luxembourg. Jobbery might come of it, but what good could come of it? I will ask him to cease talking for a moment about Valhallas, and will ask him to tell us what good could come of a British Luxembourg—a plain question that requires a plain answer. Perhaps he and the advocates for the proposed English Art Gallery will tell us that it is intended neither to gratify the immortal cravings of Mr. Tate nor to further the commercial interests of Mr. Agnew, but to encourage British Art. But art can neither be encouraged nor repressed. When, I wonder, will people leave off talking nonsense about encouraging art? If art could be encouraged, we should long ago have replaced our Herkomers and our Longs with Raphaels and Rembrandts. For thirty years, by every kind of neglect and every kind of contumely, England has tried to repress Mr. Whistler. Nevertheless, Mr. Whistler continued to paint pictures which are the admiration of artistic Europe. With flattery and with money England has tried to encourage Sir John Millais; but all England's flattery and all England's money did not prevent Sir John from abandoning art and taking to pot-boiling. Are these facts, or are they not? If they are facts, in the name of heaven, let us cease to talk nonsense about encouraging art!

It is true that on many occasions I have in these columns advocated that a subscription be started for the purpose of purchasing Mr. Whistler's portrait of Miss Alexander for the National Gallery. In doing this I did no more than echo the artistic opinion of Europe. But let it be admitted that, if the taste of one set of men is to be accepted, that of another set must not be excluded. The only way to preserve our National Gallery from pollution will be to establish a rule that at least five-and-twenty years must elapse between the death of the artist and the admission of a picture by him. It is imperative that this rule should know no infringement—so imperative that I am sure the admirers of Mr. Whistler would forego twenty times over the pleasure it would give them to see a picture of Miss Alexander in the National Gallery rather than they should be exposed to sight of pictures by Messrs. Herkimer, Long, Holman Hunt, and Fildes on walls where only masterpieces should hang. To hang the pictures of these and other Academicians can serve no purpose except to foster the vanity of the painters and to help the Bond Street dealers to bolster up decadent reputations. The National Gallery does not want any pictures, old or new. If the National Gallery were never to acquire another picture, it would still remain one of the most interesting galleries in Europe, and one of the most charming, because there are fewer bad pictures in our collection than in any other. The few pictures that do disgrace the national collection are precisely those few pictures painted by living artists which immortality-hunters like Mr. Tate have by intrigue and persistence forced the trustees to accept.

To expel these pictures should henceforth be the aim of the trustees, who, as the *Pall Mall Gazette* truly says, do not care for contemporary English painting. Of all our public institutions, the National Gallery is the most faultlessly managed. The rarest judgment and unceasing watchfulness have been expended on the wholly admirable collection, which is a wonder and a delight to every foreigner visiting London. No one denies that this is so, and yet it is proposed, by means of a newspaper agitation,

to force the National Gallery to accept a collection of modern pictures, some of which pictures were painted by painters acknowledged to be the worst that ever lived. A very nice little plan indeed, the tail-end of which, if search be made, will be found in the till of a Bond Street dealer.

Go to Kensington, and build there. Go to the Embankment, and build there, too. In either of these places, or in both, Mr. Tate, erect the mausoleum that pleases you and the immortals you are hawking, but hands off the National Gallery! G. M.

BLUE-EYED SUSAN.

"*Blue-Eyed Susan*" is such a strange jumble, such a grotesque mixture of different antagonistic and seemingly irreconcilable styles, that, but for the growing taste of the public for what are called "variety shows," one might venture to predict for it the failure it deserves. The fact of its being absolutely inartistic—what no comic opera, no farce, no burlesque need be—will scarcely tell against it. It contains some pleasing songs, some pretty dances, and, when Mr. Arthur Roberts happens to be on the stage, some very amusing scenes. What, then, does it matter if William and Susan are always serious when their persecutor, Captain Crosstree, is always comic to the point of buffoonery? There are two pairs of lovers in the piece, whose amorous goings-on are somewhat monotonous; and there are two comic men, one of whom, the before-mentioned Mr. Arthur Roberts, is thoroughly diverting. Mr. Roberts is not merely an interpreter, but an inventor; and his own improvisations are so bright, while the dialogue written for him by the authors is so dull, that one cannot but regret that dialogue should have been written for him at all. Place him in no matter what situation, he has always something lively and original to say. He might safely, then, have been treated like the actors in the old Italian comedy, whose parts used to be given to them in outline, they themselves being expected to fill in the details. As it is, no piece in which Mr. Arthur Roberts figures can be looked upon as complete until it has been a week or so before the public—until Mr. Roberts has had time, that is to say, to introduce into his own scenes all the droll comments, fanciful suggestions, and witty allusions with which, at successive representations, they are sure to inspire him.

Blue-Eyed Susan may fairly be placed in the same distinguished category as *Joan of Arc*. The author of that unamusing work is a well-known lecturer on history, and his recent failure to get re-elected to his fellowship may, perhaps, have taught him to take a serious view of historical matters. He has been replaced, in any case, as librettist to Mr. Osmond Carr, by Messrs. Sims and Pettitt, chiefly known as dramatists in connection with sensational plays of the modern Drury Lane and of the ancient and modern Adelphi type. *Blue-Eyed Susan* possesses no merit whatever as a play, and it is disfigured by many faults. It is simply what, in bygone days, used to be called a "burletta" version of the old drama, with one of the principal personages—and one only—turned from a serious into a comic character. Thus the serious scenes of which this nondescript production mainly consists can never be taken seriously. Nor is the meaningless prose dialogue relieved by any brilliancy in the verse, which seldom rises above the level of mere doggerel. Perhaps, it may be said, Mr. Osmond Carr's music is sufficiently attractive to account for the favour with which the new work is being received? The composer's melodies, however, are, for the most part, familiar, nor can it be added, in the language of Polonius, "but by no means vulgar," while the treatment of the themes is never sufficiently artistic to redeem their generally commonplace character. Where Mr. Carr does shine is above all in his ballet music, and he has written for that agile, graceful,

and at times almost fairy-like dancer, Miss Katie Seymour, some really pretty tunes.

The success of *Blue-Eyed Susan* is due, in fact, to the cleverness of the dancers, singers, and comedians (or, at least, one of them) who take part in it. Probably the chief question among playgoers in regard to the piece concocted by Messrs. Sims, Pettitt and Carr will be, not "Have you seen *Blue-Eyed Susan*?" but "Have you seen Arthur Roberts as Captain Crosstree?" His trial-scene—in which, after appearing successively as plaintiff, witness for the defence, and counsel for both sides, he assures the judges that they leave the court without a stain on their character, and, finally, adds that the case has been "nobly conducted"—is thoroughly entertaining. So, too, is the ball-scene on board ship, in which, with exquisite politeness, the gallant captain dances successively with the wife of each of his guests.

The three protagonists in the ballad and drama of *Black-Eyed Susan* are Susan, William, and the indiscreet Captain Crosstree, who gives Susan a kiss and receives from William a blow. But, in addition to these essential personages, we have, of course, in *Blue-Eyed Susan*, as in all works based on the same theme, a certain number of subsidiary ones, the chief of which, at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, are a crimp, impersonated with a certain grotesque power by Mr. Arthur Williams, and an additional pair of lovers, whose sentimentalities in prose and verse are spoken and sung by Mr. Alcott, a slightly blatant American tenor, and Miss Grace Pedley, formerly known as the highly-efficient "understudy" of Miss Florence St. John. Such serious interest as *Blue-Eyed Susan* possesses is centred in the parts of William and Susan, which find admirable exponents in Miss Marian Burton and Miss Nellie Stewart. Miss Burton was some years ago a member of the Carl Rosa Company, in which she filled, with the utmost success, all the principal contralto parts. Visiting Australia, where the higher lyrical drama is possibly not appreciated, she undertook for the first time the leading characters in what often, with doubtful appropriateness, is called "light opera;" and she has now, it must be feared, attached herself permanently to opera of the inferior kind. She remains, however, an excellent vocalist, and sings the too numerous songs assigned to her in *Blue-Eyed Susan* with all the expression of which they are capable. Miss Nellie Stewart, the impersonator of Susan, is an Australian singer with a light soprano voice and a sufficiently fluent style.

THE WEEK.

A TRANSLATION of the memoirs of GENERAL MARBOT has been undertaken by MR. A. J. BUTLER, the best-known translator of DANTE'S "Purgatorio and Paradiso" into English prose, and will be published by MESSRS. LONGMANS. Those who know how well MR. BUTLER has surmounted the difficult task of translating DANTE, will expect his new effort to be completely successful. The chief interest of MARBOT to English readers will be found in his account of the Peninsular war. We are so apt to derive all our knowledge of WELLINGTON's campaigns from NAPIER'S history, that it is a wholesome corrective to read an account from another point of view, and we are surprised that no one has yet undertaken an English version of DON JOSÉ GOMEZ DE ARTECHE Y MORO'S "Guerra de la Independencia" or of ERNOUF'S interesting "Souvenirs d'un Officier Polonais."

IN an edition of the principal speeches and reports of the great orators of the French Revolution, which will be shortly published by the Clarendon Press, MR. H. MORSE STEPHENS has included a reprint of BARÈRE'S famous report on the sinking of the Republican ship, the *Vengeur*, during the battle

of June 1st, 1794. This report, though often alluded to, and affording an opportunity for some of CARLYLE'S most brilliant passages, has never been reprinted. In the forthcoming edition, the despatch of RENAUDIN, the captain of the ship, is placed side by side with the glowing words of BARÈRE, which created the legend of the heroic conduct of the sailors of the *Vengeur*.

THE book of the hour in France is M. PAUL DESJARDINS' "Le Devoir Présent" (COLIN). This brochure constitutes in some sort the manifesto of a group of thinkers who have set themselves to form a scheme of conduct for those who believe, or wish to believe, in "something not themselves that makes for righteousness." The author proposes to amend the unpromising condition of things in general by strengthening the will and intensifying charity. What he calls the spiritual phenomena of Sin, Redemption, Grace, the Work of the Holy Spirit, etc., are to be, as it were, rationalised, producing a "catholicisme blanc"—a catholicism of practice without faith. M. DESJARDINS' new departure is interesting, and worthy of respect, because it is brave and sincere.

UNTIL now the best selections from WORDSWORTH have been MATTHEW ARNOLD'S in the "Golden Treasury Series," and PROFESSOR KNIGHT'S—a protest on the part of the Wordsworth Society against ARNOLD'S volume. With these two a third, "Lyrics and Sonnets of Wordsworth," edited by MR. CLEMENT K. SHORTER for "The Stott Library," may claim an equal rank. The title of this selection is avowedly more convenient than accurately descriptive. It contains a hundred and seventy-three poems, including "Louisa," "The Thorn," "Fair Prime of Life," and a number of others not to be found in ARNOLD. When ARNOLD'S "Poems of Wordsworth" was published in 1879, he was unable, through stress of copyright, to avail himself of WORDSWORTH'S later texts, which, in many instances, contained important changes and improvements. Of these it has been possible to make free use in MR. SHORTER'S volume, through the kindness of MESSRS. WARD, LOCK, BOWDEN, & Co., who hold the copyright of WORDSWORTH'S complete works. MR. SHORTER classifies the poems according to the date of composition or their form of verse. He writes an agreeable introduction.

MESSRS. GAY & BIRD send us a charming edition of LOWELL'S famous *jeu d'esprit* "A Fable for Critics." Over two dozen portraits of the authors mentioned have been "let into" the text: they are only outlines, but remarkably characteristic.

MRS. JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS edits the autobiography of her sister, MARIANNE NORTH, which, under the title of "Recollections of a Happy Life," is published in two volumes by MESSRS. MACMILLAN & Co.

FOUR writers contribute to "Bastien-Lepage: Marie Bashkirtseff," an attractive art volume, published by MR. T. FISHER UNWIN. There is a memoir of BASTIEN-LEPAGE by ANDRÉ THEURIET, an essay on "Modern Realism in Painting" by WALTER SICKERT, and studies of BASTIEN-LEPAGE and MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF by GEORGE CLAUSEN and MATHILDE BLIND. Numerous reproductions of works by both artists make this a most valuable book.

AMONG forthcoming novels we note the following: "Not all in Vain" (HEINEMANN), by ADA CAMBRIDGE; "Grania" (SMITH ELDER), by the HON. EMILY LAWLESS;

If housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY'S Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

"His Sister's Hand" (GRIFFITH, FARRAN), by DR. C. J. WILLS; "The Doings of Raffles Haw" (CASSELL), by MR. CONAN DOYLE; "The Letter of the Law" (HENRY), by SIR HERBERT MAXWELL; and works by MR. FARJEON and MR. SHARP.

LITERARY manuals in MR. JOHN MURRAY'S "University Extension" series to be issued shortly are "The English Poets from Blake to Tennyson," by the REV. S. A. BROOKE; "Shakespeare and his Predecessors in the English Drama," by F. S. BOAS; and "The Jacobean Poets," by EDMUND GOSSE.

AUGUST STRINDBERG, the most gifted—as he is undoubtedly the *enfant terrible*—of Swedish writers, has now completed his new play, *St. Peter's Wanderings on Earth*. STRINDBERG has come to Gothenburg, where his latest work will be produced, as it will also in Stockholm. He has of late practised sculpture, with, it is understood, considerable success.

THE meeting at the Chamber of Commerce on Wednesday, under the presidency of SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, made another effective protest against the Albert University Scheme, and specially emphasised the objection that it utterly ignores the recommendations of the Royal Commissioners with regard to the other teaching institutions of London. It is also a point of importance that the scheme is practically the same as that drawn up by the two colleges before the appointment of the Commission, and therefore practically reduces the whole proceedings of the Commission to a nullity and a farce. On every side, indeed, SIR GEORGE YOUNG and DR. WACE are beset with difficulty, and the prospects of the "YOUNG" University are daily getting worse and worse.

AMONG the deaths recorded since our last issue are those of SIR JAMES CAIRD, the eminent economist and authority on agriculture; the COMTE DE LAUNAY, Italian ambassador at Berlin and the representative of Italy at the Berlin Congress in 1879; MR. HUNTER RODWELL, Q.C., Conservative member for Cambridgeshire from 1874 to 1881; MR. S. BRIGHTY, who took a prominent part, as marshal, in the famous Reform League demonstration in Hyde Park in 1866, and has since been active in local politics in North London; the REV. DR. PHILLIPS, Provost of Queen's College, Cambridge, a mathematician and theologian, and a Syriac scholar of some reputation; PROFESSOR ALFRED GOODWIN, of University College, one of the most distinguished English classical scholars of the present generation; LIEUTENANT MAURICE SHEA, said to be the last survivor of Waterloo; MR. W. E. ROBINSON, an Anglophobe American journalist of Irish extraction, formerly on the staff of the *New York Tribune*; LIEUTENANT O'FELL, of the Austrian navy, a member of PEYER'S Arctic expedition in 1874; and M. ALFRED ARAGO, a son of the famous Astronomer and Director of Fine Arts under the Second Empire.

ARMENIA AND EGYPT.

CONSTANTINOPLE, February 6th, 1892.

THE Armenians have been humiliated during the past week in a way which they will not soon forget, and the Turks have scored a success worthy of their better days. Last week the city was greatly excited at the news of the arrest of the most distinguished and highly-educated Bishop of the Armenian Church—Bishop Khoren, or Nar Bey, as he is often called, who claims to be a descendant of the last Armenian king, a Lusignan. He has long been one of the most prominent men in the Church, and was a candidate for the office of Patriarch at the last election. The excitement was increased by the news that the Patriarch had been ordered to

depose him from his office, and that a solemn service had been arranged for this purpose in all the churches of the city. Here was an attack upon the Armenian Church and nation more tyrannical than anything which they had suffered!

But it now appears that the Bishop Khoren was in the pay of the Sultan, receiving a regular subsidy from the Palace, while, at the same time, he was sending regularly to certain French newspapers such attacks upon the Sultan and the Turkish Government as enabled these papers to extort blackmail from the Turkish Embassy in Paris. The Turks got possession of some of these letters signed by him, and, very naturally, arrested him; but, instead of making a martyr of him by imprisonment or exile, the Sultan had the good sense to pardon him, and we have been treated in the French papers here to a letter from the ex-Bishop, which ought to condemn him to infamy, as a man equally wanting in manliness and honesty. It is a sad blow to the Armenians and a triumph for the Turks. If they were always as wise they would soon put an end to the unfortunate agitation which has brought so many misfortunes upon the Armenian people, but, unhappily, this case is altogether exceptional. The prisons are filled with Armenians who have been arrested, either to extort money from them, or because they have been accused of disloyalty by other Armenians who had some quarrel with them, or because they have really been in relation with some of the Armenian revolutionary societies in Europe. The childish folly of some of this last class is unaccountable; but there is really no reason for putting them in prison. The Turks have nothing to fear from the Armenians, and if they would let them alone this agitation would soon die a natural death. The Armenians are enthusiastically devoted to their nation, and would welcome any chance of independence; but I do not know a single intelligent and influential Armenian in Constantinople who is in favour of taking up arms against the Turkish Government, or who believes in the possibility of a serious Armenian revolt.

It is the Turks and not the Armenians whom the Sultan has reason to fear; and he appears to know this himself, for his secret police devotes itself chiefly to them. A Turkish revolution directed against the Sultan is possible at any time, but this persecution of the Armenians is supreme folly.

On the other hand, however, a heavy responsibility rests upon those Armenians in Europe who keep up the irritation of the Turks by sending revolutionary papers into the country, and by encouraging boys and ignorant men to form revolutionary committees. Nothing but harm has ever come from this, and it is not easy to estimate the evil which they have done already.

The Armenians in Europe have a perfect right to make known to the world all the injustice which is done to their people by the Turks, and to use every opportunity to demand for them those rights which are guaranteed by treaties, but which the Turks are constantly curtailing. In so doing, they must have the hearty sympathy of the Christian world; but when they turn aside from this legitimate work to stir up poor fools in Turkey to form revolutionary societies they are doing more harm to Armenians here than all the good they are doing in Europe. And, what is more, their folly in this respect reacts upon their influence in Europe, and puts them in a false position there with those who would gladly aid them.

It is a pity, for they have a good case. There is no doubt that the present Government of Turkey is more anti-Christian in its policy than any Government we have had here for forty years. It is determined to curtail the rights of the native Christians, and to put an end, as far as possible, to all Catholic and Protestant missionary work in the country. The new laws which have just been published in regard to Christian schools and churches—which ignore the Capitulations, the Treaty of Berlin, and long-

established rights—are the last illustrations that we have of this spirit. If the Treaty Powers quietly submit to them, we shall not have to wait long for some new outrage even more glaring than this. It is not the Armenians alone who have to complain of the Turks, and, if they can only be wise, they will have the sympathy and aid of those who are suffering with them.

Since the death of Sir William White there have been no negotiations in regard to the Egyptian question here, and nothing had been accomplished before that time. The sudden death of the Khedive gave the Sultan an opportunity to exercise his authority there which he was not slow to improve. Those who remember the circumstances of his action in deposing Ismail will not need to seek for any reason for his hasty action in this case. His great fear was that Abbas would be seated on the throne of Egypt without waiting for his authorisation. Three plans were discussed. The first, which the Sultan most desired to carry out, was to appoint Mouktar Pasha Regent, on the ground that Abbas was not of age; the second was to call Abbas from Vienna to Constantinople and negotiate with him here; and the third was to appoint him Khedive at once by telegraph, and then invite him to come here on his way to Egypt. The last plan was adopted, in opposition to the wishes of all, as the only way for the Sultan to assert his absolute authority before anyone could interfere.

The new Khedive was wisely advised at Vienna not to come to Constantinople, and so this part of the plan failed, to the great annoyance of the Sultan, and the great disappointment of those who had counted on *backsheesh*.

The Sultan is now very hopeful, however, that Mouktar Pasha will prove more than a match for Sir Evelyn Baring, and win over the new Khedive to his side. The latest private news from Cairo is that Mouktar Pasha himself is hopeful. The representative of England has been wise enough to leave Abbas to himself thus far, and the contest has not yet commenced, but the Pasha fancies that he has already won the inside trait. However this may be, all interest in the Egyptian question will for some time centre in Cairo, and the Sultan will be in no haste to press his claims either here or in London.

VICTORIAN FINANCE AND THE COMING ELECTIONS.

MELBOURNE, December 28th, 1891.

THE Munro Ministry has now weathered the last session in the present Parliament, and has been unexpectedly successful in carrying two of its most important measures and a great number of small ones. Two circumstances have mainly conduced to this result. One is that Mr. Gillies as Leader of the Opposition has shown himself not only forbearing but singularly generous. From the time it was decided not to hazard a change of Ministry—partly for unimportant tactical reasons, and partly that the commercial crisis might not be aggravated—Mr. Gillies has really been the wisest and most delicate of counsellors in the Munro Cabinet: keeping silent over some small measures which he disapproved, and where he approved assisting publicly and privately to get the measure presented in the best possible form. Mr. Munro and his colleagues, to do them justice, behaved well while they were in opposition, and no one accordingly grudges them the satisfaction of seeing their example bettered. They owe a great deal also to the troubles of the financial world. Even those who blame the Premier for having exaggerated the distress of the Treasury, and for not having proposed new taxation, believe that the practice of a rather cheapskate economy is desirable at the present moment, and, above all, the crash of financial institutions during the last

month has been so serious that no one wishes any new complication to be added by dissensions in politics. Accordingly, the rather grave question whether Ministers in the Legislative Council might recommend checkmating their colleagues in the Assembly has been quietly put aside. Sir Bryan O'Loughlen has repeatedly tried to rouse the Liberals to a vote of censure upon the Cabinet, and has repeatedly been foiled by a conspiracy of silence: not because any Liberal disagreed with him, but because no one cared to discuss Constitutional issues which could afford to wait, when the manifest duty was to restore confidence. President Lincoln's advice "not to swap horses when you are crossing a stream" has been profitably borne in mind.

Of the main facts of our commercial panic you have been by this time abundantly informed by the telegraph, and I noticed in my last letter that there had been a great shrinkage of investment values, and that several failures were likely to come off. The reality, however, has been far worse than anyone anticipated, and old colonists who say that 1854 or 1855 was a worse year have to admit that a collapse then was a very trifling affair. Nevertheless, it would be easy to misconceive and exaggerate the present trouble. The Treasury is not in the least affected by it. I told you months ago that Mr. Munro was toying with an imaginary deficit, and the Auditor General has since said the same, and Mr. Munro himself has practically admitted it. He told the House on December 17th that he did not require to raise money, as he once thought would be necessary, for current expenses by the sale of Treasury Bonds, and that though the revenue for some months past had been below the average, he had a reasonable hope that it would recover itself before the end of the year. In short, the credit of the Government stands as high as ever; and we could borrow whatever we want for railways in the local market if it were thought wise to divert deposits from the banks. The banks are also perfectly sound, and it is curious how little their shares have suffered comparatively. Lastly, there has not, I think, been a single failure of an important mercantile firm during the year.

Where then, it may be asked, does a crisis come in, if the Treasury is solvent, the banks sound, and commerce unshaken—though a little restricted? The whole trouble has been with building societies and land companies. The effects of the Land Boom of 1886—1888 are now felt at their worst. Men who bought at boom prices have been called upon to make their last payments, while the land is unsaleable at any price; and it need not be said that deposits have been largely drawn upon. Then, again, the banks consider that to take deposits at sight is to poach upon banking business, and they have accordingly refrained from any heroic efforts to help their rivals. As for the land companies, which professed to buy land wholesale and sell it retail, their capacity to pay interest on deposits was always limited by their power of effecting sales, and for two years past everything has remained on their hands. As the public took stock of the situation, it crowded the offices to draw its deposits out; and the directors of companies soon perceived that, whatever their substantial assets might be, they must close their doors if the drain continued. By common consent they took the manly and wise course of closing at once, and inviting their shareholders and creditors to investigate the different balance-sheets. In almost every case it could be shown that the creditor was absolutely safe if there was no forced liquidation, and the shareholder reasonably so. The result was that in almost every case enthusiastic meetings passed votes of confidence in the directorates, and the great majority of depositors have agreed to renew their deposits for terms of from one to three years. During this interval the companies are to reduce their debts in every possible way—by calls, by abstaining from dividends, and by gradually realising on their securities.

On the whole, considering what reckless speculation prevailed not long ago, directors as a body have come pretty well out of the ordeal so far as their personal honesty is concerned; they have now and again been dupes, but scarcely ever cheats. Still, though it is comforting to know this, the results of over-confidence and mismanagement during the last five years are abundantly serious. Many are ruined, and many who expect to pull through are receiving no dividends and, it may be, are paying calls. It will be long before 1891 is forgotten.

As the financial situation has affected the Ministry's tenure of office during the past year, it is also likely to have a great effect on the elections that are due in April, and that may, perhaps, come off a little earlier. The country is breaking up into two very definite and strong parties—the Labour Party, which is bitter and determined and thoroughly organised; and the party of Property, which is gradually being welded into shape by the necessity for concerted action. The Labour Party has been damaged by the action of the Labour representatives in New Zealand and New South Wales, and all it can promise in Victoria is to put on taxes which may produce an additional half-million a year, and to find work with the proceeds of these for some thousands of the unemployed. On the other hand, it is pretty well understood that the triumph of the Labour Party here would give an additional shock to our credit in England; so that anything in the shape of a further loan would be impossible. The Conservatives therefore—who will be reinforced by many Liberals—are in the position that they can promise the renewal of supplies from England, while they can also offer the remedy of new taxation, not of course in the shape of property or absentee taxes, such as the Labour Party would adopt, but from an enhanced tea duty, and from an excise on beer. These are the materials for a very excellent fight; but the Labour Party will be seriously handicapped by its want of leaders, unless Sir Graham Berry on his return casts in his lot with it. Sir Graham, in his old days, was a rare combination of the qualities that make up a popular leader. He was a genuinely effective speaker, swaying the masses from the platform, and influencing divisions in Parliament; and he had enough of the statesman about him to enable him to evoke order out of very rough materials. Unhappily for himself, Sir Graham Berry held office during unpropitious times; and though the depression of 1878—1881 was felt over all the world, the Conservatives adroitly nicknamed it "the Berry blight" in Victoria; and the remembrance will undoubtedly be brought up against him if he puts himself at the head of the Unionists. With the financial instinct—which is very widely diffused—dead against him, it will be a wonderful triumph even for Sir Graham's versatile ability if he succeeds in constructing a strong party—let alone a majority—out of Unionist materials; and he will have literally no captains, if Mr. Deakin abides by his intention of exchanging politics, as a serious profession, for the Bar. The chances therefore, I think, are that the Labour Party will win even fewer seats than was reasonably anticipated six months ago; and that there will be a compact majority, calling itself Conservative or Liberal according to local predilections, but practically Conservative, and determined to maintain a strong government, independent of Trades' Hall influences. If this happens, the Labour Party will only have themselves to blame for their defeat. That they put forward extreme proposals may have been a virtue, and much of their programme has not been unreasonable; but they have committed the political sin for which there is no redemption when they have allowed two or three especially silly men to be spokesmen for the party.

As the Houses could not agree over the "One Man one Vote" Bill, members go to the country under the old system of plural voting, which of course tells in favour of property.

THE END OF A SHOW.

IT was a little village in the extreme north of Yorkshire, three miles from a railway station on a small branch line. It was not a progressive village; it just kept still and respected itself. The hills lay all round it, and seemed to shut it out from the rest of the world. Yet folks were born, and lived, and died, much as in the more important centres; and there were intervals which required to be filled with amusement. Entertainments were given by amateurs from time to time in the schoolroom; sometimes hand-bell ringers or a conjurer would visit the place, but their reception was not always encouraging. "Conjurors is nowt, an' ringers is nowt," said the sad native, judiciously; "ar dornt regard 'em." But the native brightened up when in the summer months a few caravans found their way to a piece of waste land adjoining the churchyard. They formed the village fair, and for two days they were a popular resort. But it was understood that the fair had not the glories of old days; it had dwindled. Most things in connection with this village dwindled.

The first day of the fair was drawing to a close. It was half-past ten at night, and at eleven the fair would close until the following morning. This last half-hour was fruitful in business. The steam round-about was crowded, the proprietor of the peep-show was taking pennies very fast, although not so fast as the proprietor of another, somewhat repulsive show. A fair number patronised a canvas booth which bore the following inscription:

POPULAR SCIENCE LECTURES.
Admission Free.

At one end of this tent was a table covered with red baize; on it were bottles and boxes, a human skull, a retort, a large book, and some bundles of dried herbs. Behind it was the lecturer, an old man, grey and thin, wearing a bright-coloured dressing-gown. He lectured volubly and enthusiastically; his energy and the atmosphere of the tent made him very hot, and occasionally he mopped his forehead.

"I am about to exhibit to you," he said, speaking clearly and correctly, "a secret known to few, and believed to have come originally from those wise men of the East referred to in holy writ." Here he filled two test-tubes with water, and placed some bluish-green crystals in one and some yellow crystals in the other. He went on talking, quoting scraps of Latin, telling stories, making local and personal allusions, finally coming back again to his two test-tubes, both of which now contained perfectly colourless solutions. He poured them both together into a flat glass vessel, and the mixture at once turned to a deep brownish purple. He threw a fragment of something on to the surface of the mixture, and that fragment at once caught fire. This favourite trick succeeded: the audience were undoubtedly impressed, and before they quite realised by what logical connection the old man had arrived at the subject, he was talking to them about the abdomen. He seemed to know the most unspeakable and intimate things about the abdomen. He had made pills which suited its peculiar needs, which he could and would sell in boxes at sixpence and one shilling, according to size. He sold four boxes at once, and was back in his classical and anecdotal stage, when a woman pressed forward. She was a very poor woman. Could she have a box of these pills at half-price? Her son was bad, very bad. It would be a kindness—

He interrupted her in a dry, distinct voice: "Woman, I never yet did anyone a kindness, not even myself." However, a friend pushed some money into her hand, and she bought two boxes.

* * * * *

It was past twelve o'clock now. The flaring lights were out in the little group of caravans on the waste ground. The tired proprietors of the shows were asleep. The gravestones in the church-

yard were glimmering white in the bright moonlight. But at the entrance to that little canvas booth the quack doctor sat on one of his boxes, smoking a clay pipe. He had taken off the dressing-gown, and was in his shirt-sleeves; his clothes were black, much worn. His attention was arrested—he thought that he heard the sound of sobbing.

"It's a God-forsaken world," he said aloud. After a second's silence he spoke again. "No, I never did a kindness even to myself, though I thought I did, or I shouldn't have come to this." He took his pipe from his mouth and spat. Once more he heard that strange wailing sound; this time he arose, and walked in the direction of it.

Yes, that was it. It came from that caravan standing alone where the trees made a dark spot. The caravan was gaudily painted, and there were steps from the door to the ground. He remembered having noticed it once during the day. It was evident that someone inside was in trouble—great trouble. The old man knocked gently at the door.

"Who's there? What's the matter?"

"Nothing," said a broken voice from within.

"Are you a woman?"

There was a fearful laugh. "Neither man nor woman—a show."

"What do you mean?"

"Go round to the side, and you'll see."

The old man went round, and by the light of two wax matches caught a glimpse of part of the rough painting on the side of the caravan. The matches dropped from his hand. He came back, and sat down on the steps of the caravan.

"You are not like that," he said.

"No, worse. I'm not dressed in pretty clothes, and lying on a crimson velvet couch. I'm half-naked, in a corner of this cursed box, and crying because my owner beat me. Now go, or I'll open the door and show myself to you as I am now. It would frighten you. It would haunt your sleep."

"Nothing frightens me. I was a fool once, but I have never been frightened. What right has this owner over you?"

"He is my father," the voice screamed loudly; then there was more weeping; then it spoke again, in lower tones: "It's awful; I could bear anything now—anything—if I thought it would ever be any better; but it won't. My mind's a woman's and my wants are a woman's, but I am not a woman. I am a show. The brutes stand round me, talk to me, touch me!"

"There's a way out," said the old man quietly, after a pause. An idea had occurred to him.

"I know—and I daren't take it—I've got a thing here, but I daren't use it."

"You could drink something—something that wouldn't hurt?"

"Yes."

"You are quite alone?"

"Yes; my owner's in the village, at the inn."

"Then wait a minute."

The old man hastened back to the canvas booth, and fumbled about with his chemicals. He murmured something about doing someone a kindness at last. Then he returned to the caravan with a glass of colourless liquid in his hand.

"Open the door and take it," he said.

The door was opened a very little way. A thin hand was thrust out and took the glass eagerly. The door closed, and the voice spoke again.

"It will be easy?"

"Yes."

"Good-bye, then. To your health—"

The old man heard the glass crash on the wooden floor, then he went back to his seat in front of the booth, and carefully lit another pipe. "I will not go," he said aloud. "I fear nothing—not even the results of my best action." He listened attentively.

No sound whatever came from the caravan. All was still. Far away the sky was growing lighter with the dawn of a fine summer day.

BARRY PAIN.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE INSOLVENCY OF PORTUGAL.

SIR.—*A propos* of your article of January 23rd on the above subject, the figures representing the commerce of Portugal may be interesting. During the year 1890 the value of all imports amounted to 44,741 contos of reis, and value of all exports to 21,536 contos of reis, giving a surplus value of imports over exports of 23,205 contos, from which may be deducted 6,889 contos of re-exports, leaving the surplus value of imports 16,316 contos, which, at the par exchange of 4.560 reis per £1 (and, during 1890, the exchange varied very little from par), comes to £3,625,000. These figures do not include coin imported or exported. During 1891 the balance would seem to have been even larger, as, since the suspension of cash payments early in May, some five million sovereigns have been exported—principally to London.

It seems to be overlooked by financial papers and writers on this subject that the un-settlement of Brazil is a large factor in Portuguese troubles. There are many Brazilians or returned emigrants living in Portugal whose capital is invested in Brazilian land and enterprises. Owing to the unfavourable exchange these people are omitting to draw on Brazil—waiting for an improvement—and Brazil is in consequence a very large debtor to Portugal, rents and dividends accumulating in the Brazilian banks. The fall in the Brazilian exchange from 27d. to 12½d. is thus a powerful influence in the present state of Portuguese finance. No doubt, a large amount that would have been remitted to Portugal has been invested in the banks and companies that, mushroom-like, have sprung up in Brazil since the revolution of November, 1889.

Brazilian remittances were generally made in the form of cheques on London, Hamburg, &c. (chiefly London), and were readily disposed of to importers of produce and banks. Such paper is, and has been for many months past, very scarce; and those who have to make foreign payments have to buy gold for the purpose.

I merely leave these facts to the appreciation of experts without comment, and only add that the internal commerce of Portugal is very sound. In spite of the great difficulties encountered during the last year, failures have been very few. The corruption and dishonesty which are now being investigated in the cases of the Royal Portuguese Railway Company, the Bank Lusitano, and the Bank do Povo, seem to have been confined to a circle of political financiers, who have been able to do much harm to the whole country, but not to extend to the body of traders—I am, sir, yours, etc., HENRY M. SAYERS.

Rua do Campo Alegre, 313, Oporto, Portgald,

February 3rd, 1892.

CONSTANCE NADEN AND HYLO-IDEALISM.

SIR.—Pray have the goodness, at your early convenience, to permit me, as the late Miss Naden's literary executor, to make a short minute on certain points in your generally appreciative notice of this subject in your issue of January 30th. Let me first mention your critic's objection to Mr. McCrie's comparison of Miss Naden with Miss Martineau, the Misses Brontë, Mrs. Somerville, and George Eliot. Now, as indeed your critic himself admits later on in his argument, it must be remembered that Mr. McCrie writes of Miss Naden not as a literary character, but as a scientific, up-to-date, *fin de siècle* thinker. In mere *belles-lettres*, of course, there is no comparison—the fact being that Miss Naden, though still cherishing the love of form and beauty, which makes so much of her poetry and prose so notable, had for some years before her death given up all aspirations after literary distinction, in order to devote herself more exclusively to philosophical exposition. As, indeed, Professor Lapworth, who was more in contact with her than myself at the time, explicitly states, I myself was somewhat surprised, not to say disappointed, at the appearance of her second volume of poetry; but Dr. Lapworth makes it clear that it was the outcome of convalescence from illness, during which she was more or less incapacitated for severer thought. I may also mention that Mr. Herbert Spencer's estimate is identical on this point with Mr. McCrie's. The former places Miss Naden, for receptivity and originality, on a level with George Eliot, and her juniority of nearly forty years gives her a vantage ground, the possession of which is no credit to her, or its absence any discredit to her gifted predecessors. Mrs. B. Browning, generally held to be the foremost English poetess, has no pretensions whatever to be an up-to-date thinker. She was, indeed, so much of a Spiritualist and Dualist as to be seriously out of touch with her own husband. George Eliot is, indeed, the only rival, as a thinker, of Miss Naden, and, as above stated, it surely stands to reason that the younger one has, from the point of time alone, the advantage of the elder. Every eschatological problem must be re-stated and re-adapted to existing circumstances in each succeeding generation, the cause of which is quite patent, on the hylo-ideal hypothesis, from the secular development of the brain or *sensorium*. Your able critic also objects to Miss Naden's nomenclature as a dialect only suited for specialists and as "caviare to the general." But surely the formula he quotes,

"Maeroecosm and Microcosm are alike Auto-Cosm," does not bear out this assertion? Surely nothing can be more *naïve* or simple? It is an axiom that all alike, learned or unlearned, ought easily to read. In plain English it simply means that each single sentient unit is the maker and founder of its own Cosmos, abstract and concrete: Mind being thus the creature, not creator, of matter or body, and Object quite losing itself in the subject—Self. The *private* judgment of Luther predicates the same conclusion, though heavily handicapped by what we now see to be its fatal Biblicism. The great distinction of this esoterism is its solution of the cosmic and cerebral problem on the *datum* of positive science, and not on that of speculative metaphysics or psychology.

R. LEWINS, M.D., Surgeon Lieut.-Colonel.
Army and Navy Club, Pall Mall, S.W., February 4th, 1892.

THE NONCONFORMIST METEORS.

SIR.—In an article in the current number of THE SPEAKER a very apposite question to the time is asked—"How is it that in all the Church of England there is no man who can compare in position, in influence, or in the extent of his hold upon the hearts of his fellow-men with the two great Nonconformists, Cardinal Manning and Mr. Spurgeon?" It might, of course, be answered that these two men were quite independent of the religious system in which each found himself. Had the one remained faithful to the Church of his birth, and had the other been a thorough-going Anglican of the orthodox stamp, their unique powers and personalities would have speedily raised them to positions of eminence in the Church of England. This undoubtedly would have been the case, for it should be remembered that the Cardinal had, at the early age of thirty-two years, reached the dignity of an Archdeacon in the Diocese of Chichester before he joined the Roman Communion. From the very first they were both marked men who would have done credit to any profession. But are we to say that out of the 20,000 clergy—the standing average for many years of the teachers of the Church of England—there never does arise at least one of unique powers and personality fitted to influence the hearts of his fellows? It seems impossible to believe that this is the case. It is, indeed, true that the most gifted of the Anglican Communion do not, as a rule, seek her orders. Loud complaints, especially from the laity, make themselves heard now and then. But there are exceptions to the rule, and a careful scrutiny of the ordination lists will show that occasionally men of high academic acquirements, who have already, at the Universities or elsewhere, given good promise of pre-eminence amongst their fellows, are admitted deacons and priests; and yet it seems that once ordained they sink to the level of respectable mediocrity, and do not fulfil their early promises. Respectable mediocrity seem to be the fitting words to describe even the leaders, with hardly an exception, of the Anglican Church at the present time.

This consideration appears to point to the conclusion that the fault lies not so much in the men as in the system of the State Church, though it, of course, follows that the system reacts upon the supply of men. The system is too cast-iron. Originality is stifled by being reduced to the pervading uniformity, and all attempts to leave the well-worn track, in doctrine or in practice, are much too dangerous an experiment to be frequently tried. Law, use, and expediency divide between them all attempts at originality, and originality was Mr. Spurgeon's greatest strength.

It should also be noticed that both Cardinal Manning and Mr. Spurgeon were extreme men. We English dislike extremes, but extremes carry the day. *Vie mediae* have never produced enthusiasm nor leaders of men—it is contrary to all law that they should—and the Church of England is, by her first principles, a *via media*, both in doctrine and practice. She attempts to stand well with the classes and the masses. How to serve the two masters of Capital and Labour is the problem which is perplexing the minds of her foremost clergy at the present moment. This problem the Cardinal and the Preacher solved each in his own way. With true statesmanlike instinct, the former was a Democrat, and knew when to sink the dignity of the office before the man. Mr. Spurgeon's first victories were won amongst the dominant people of his early life. The sphere of his work lay with the great middle-class. He cared to influence the two extreme sections of the nation only through them. The two men who, amongst the Anglican clergy in the last twenty years, have come nearest to the influence and power of Cardinal Manning and Mr. Spurgeon were Bishop Fraser and Dean Stanley. Students of their lives seem to see that they failed only when they could not shake themselves free from the trammels of their system.

It is also worthy of notice that both of the two great Nonconformists held independent positions at a very early age. This is almost impossible except under the most favourable circumstances in the State Church. Cardinal Manning was favoured by fortune; but as a rule, it is certain that a young man who possesses sufficient originality and power to cross the notions of the average Anglican Churchman will not be put into a position of independence until those advantages have been moderated or evaporated altogether. The Archbishop of York has lately

declared his intention of promoting no curate until after ten years' service in the diocese, and this rule, though unpublished, is general with the bishops; and then only those curates who hold "views" similar to those of the diocesan, or have "friends in court," are even likely to be noticed. Private patronage is, as all the world knows, exercised in a still more exclusive way. The State Church, as at present constituted, has no special attractions for men of mark. She is, as a rule, only a kind and beneficent mother to those of her clergy who hold narrow views, possess private means, know how to toady, or are well connected. She strongly resents any interference in her domestic peace by the original or the strong.

The evils that affect the lower branches of her clergy are greatly increased when we come to those who should be the leaders. It is an interesting question to ask, Would Cardinal Manning or Mr. Spurgeon, had they been Anglicans, ever have been made bishops? Taking the men as they were when they died, and judging from the recent appointments made by the Tory Government, it is certain that there is only one man in England who would have dared to raise either of them to the Episcopal bench. The power which the State Church possesses to-day, such as it is, especially so far as the bulk of the nation is concerned, is largely due to Mr. Gladstone. He alone of all the dispensers of Crown patronage has a keen eye and a just hand in the interests of national religion. To use the words of Carlyle, "the lungs of the State Church are closed up." Questions are now asked by the rulers of the nation, in the making of the priests of the nation, "What about your birth, genealogy, quantity of money-capital?" on the like; the one question, "Is there some human nobleness in you, or is there not?" comes not into the ken, at any rate of the Tory Government.

May not THE SPEAKER's question be answered in the words of Sydney Smith: "In the Church of England a man is thrown into life with his hands tied and bid to swim; he does well if he keeps his head above water."

X.

SIR.—I have read your article "The Secret of Mr. Spurgeon," in your issue of last Saturday, with assent and dissent. I willingly admit that Mr. Spurgeon, in his day, kept many a man morally good—kept him from substantial sin and therefore morally good. Again, I willingly admit that men who entered the "Tabernacle" to "scold," left it "not scoffers," left it in the belief of some moral laws, left it not the worse because of Mr. Spurgeon's teaching. This certainly was a gain! Better have a belief in some moral laws than believe all moral laws to be shams. But when you say he was a *reliable* teacher because he was "sincere, simple, unpretending, and straightforward" in his teaching I cannot agree with you; because, I suppose, every teacher would claim for his teaching similar adjectives. Again you say, Mr. Spurgeon sought not himself but his "Master"—and you could not say in his favour a bigger thing. Nor am I in a position to contravene your statement; nor, if I were, would I—a Catholic priest—do so. I leave Mr. Spurgeon in his "Master's" hands. But his "Master" came on earth in a twofold character: as a "saviour" and as a "teacher." Of course, Mr. Spurgeon believed—and rightly believed—in his "Master" as a "saviour." But as a "teacher," Mr. Spurgeon's office, as a disciple of his "Master," would be to teach what his Master taught—that and only that. Might I ask you where Mr. Spurgeon got his mathematical knowledge of what his "Master" taught? Again, you say—and in saying it you cast a cloud over THE SPEAKER's fair name—that Mr. Spurgeon never came into collision with "a priest-hating people," because he had not priestly tendencies. Might I ask you to say who are the "priest hating people?" I suppose you mean the subjects of a great British Queen—Victoria? But a vast number—many millions—of the subjects of this Royal and Imperial Lady are Catholics, and will you allow me, a Catholic priest and a Catholic British subject also, to say in behalf of many millions of other British Catholic subjects that we are *not* "a priest-hating people;" quite the other way—"a priest-loving people." I am quite sure you will insert this letter, if only because it is the office of a "Speaker" to set forth the "pros" and "cons."—Yours, Mr. Editor, ever faithfully,

February 9th, 1892.

SACERDOS HIBERNICUS.

[The "priest-hating people" to whom we referred were, of course, the Protestant and Puritan middle-class of Great Britain, to whom Mr. Spurgeon especially appealed, and in whom he found his chief supporters.—ED. SPEAKER.]

THE LATE SIR J. EARDLEY WILMOT.

DEAR SPEAKER.—In your obituary of the week you include Sir John Eardley Wilmot "eleven years a Liberal member for Warwickshire!" I do not know whether the large and increasing circulation of THE SPEAKER includes the region whether Sir John has departed; but if he reads this announcement you will probably hear from him. He was in his time and his way a stolid Conservative of the old and, some think, the better school.—Yours faithfully,

HENRY W. LUCY.

February 9th, 1892.

STATE-AIDED PENSIONS FOR OLD AGE.

SIR,—Mr. Chamberlain's scheme is open to various objections. In the first place, it is insufficient. Of the class of persons whom it is designed to benefit—those who while desirous of making provision for old age are yet unable to do so—only a very few would be able to find the sum required to start it, and only a small proportion of these would be able to keep the payments good for forty years. Mr. Chamberlain admits that this class are unable to find the yearly premium of thirty-six shillings required by the Post Office to provide the same pension. How then does he expect them to find the lump sum of five pounds? Then, too, a number of those who had kept their payments good up to 50, 55, or 60 years of age would then find themselves incapacitated for work; are they to retire to the workhouse until their pension becomes due? And who is to pay the premiums in the meanwhile?

Mr. Morley in his speech at Newcastle-on-Tyne admits the necessity for old-age pensions, and states that there is no question of principle, because the Poor Law already provides old-age pensions, *i.e.*, parish relief. There would seem, however, to be this difference—parish relief is available for everybody. Mr. Chamberlain, if he should be destitute in his old age, could retire to the workhouse, but not on his old-age pension. That privilege is reserved for a select few. Nay more, unless the incidence of the burden is jealously watched, the poorest of our labourers, too poor themselves to take advantage of the scheme, will have helped to provide pensions for those who have been better off than themselves.

There seem to me to be only two alternatives: either the pensions must be universal and provided by the State, or else the scheme should be voluntary, but not State-aided.

Hednesford.

A. H. BARNARD.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE SPEAKER OFFICE,
Friday, February 12th, 1892.

"**H**E has written comedies at which we have cried and tragedies at which we have laughed; he has composed indecent novels and religious epics; he has pandered to the public lust for personal anecdote by writing his own life and the private history of his acquaintances." Of whom is this a portrait, and who is the limner? What are the names of the comedies and the tragedies and the novels thus highly recommended to the curious reader? These are questions, I flatter myself, wholly devoid of public interest.

The quotation is from a Review in the *Quarterly*, written by Sir Walter Scott of poor old Richard Cumberland's last novel, "John de Lancaster," published in 1809, when its author, "the Terrene of England," was well-nigh eighty years of age. The passage is a fierce one, but Scott's good nature was proof against everything but affectation. No man minded a bad novel less than the author of "Guy Mannering" and "The Heart of Midlothian." I am certain he could have pulled Bishop Thirlwall through "The Wide, Wide World," in the middle of which, for some unaccountable reason, that great novel-reading prelate stuck fast. But an author had only to pooh-pooh the public taste, to sneer at popularity, to discourse solemnly on his function as a teacher of his age and master of his craft, to make Sir Walter show his teeth, and his fangs were formidable; and the storm of his wrath all the more tremendous because bursting from a clear sky.

I will quote a little bit of the passage in "John de Lancaster" which made Scott so angry, and which he pronounced a doleful lamentation over the "praise and pudding which Cumberland alleges have been gobbled up by his contemporaries":

"If in the course of my literary labours I had been less studious to adhere to nature and simplicity, I am perfectly convinced I should have stood higher in estimation with the purchasers of copyright and probably have been read and patronised by my contemporaries in the proportion of ten to one."

It seems a harmless kind of bleat after all, but it was enough to sting Scott to fury and make him fall upon the old man in a manner somewhat too savage and tartarly. Some years later, and after Cumber-

land was dead, Sir Walter wrote a sketch of his life in the vein we are better accustomed to associate with the name of Scott.

Cumberland was a voluminous author, having written two epics, thirty-eight dramatic pieces, including a revised version of *Timon of Athens*—of which Horace Walpole said "he has caught the manners and diction of the original so exactly that I think it is full as bad a play as it was before he corrected it"—a score or two of fugitive poetical compositions, including some verses to Dr. James, whose Powders played almost as large a part in the lives of men of that time as Garrick himself, numerous prose publications, and three novels, "Arundel," "Henry," and "John de Lancaster." Of the novels "Henry" is the one to which Sir Walter's epitaph is least inapplicable—but Cumberland meant no harm. Were I to be discovered on Primrose Hill, or any other eminence reading "Henry," I should blush no deeper than if the book had been "David Grieve."

Cumberland has, of course, no place in men's memories by virtue of his plays, poems, or novels. Even the catholic Chambers gives no extracts from Cumberland in the "Encyclopedia." What keeps him for ever alive is—first, his place in Goldsmith's great poem, "Retaliation;" secondly, his memoirs to which Sir Walter refers so unkindly; and thirdly, the tradition—the well-supported tradition—that he was the original "Sir Fretful Plagiary."

On this last point we have the authority of Croker, and there is none better for anything disagreeable. Croker says he knew Cumberland well for the last dozen years of his life, and that to his last day he resembled Sir Fretful.

The Memoirs were first published in 1806, in a splendidly printed quarto. The author wanted money badly, and Lackington's house gave him £500 for his manuscript. It is an excellent book. I do not quarrel with Mr. Leslie Stephen's description of it in the National Dictionary of Biography: "A very loose book, dateless, inaccurate, but with interesting accounts of men of note." All I mean by excellent is excellent to read. The Memoirs touch upon many points of interest. Cumberland was born in the Master's Lodge, at Trinity, Cambridge, in the Judge's Chamber—a room hung round with portraits of "hanging judges" in their official robes, and where a great Anglican divine and preacher once told me he had passed a sleepless night, so scared was he by these sinful emblems of human justice. There is an admirable account in the Memoirs of the great Bentley, Cumberland's maternal grandfather, and of the Vice-Master, Dr. Walker, fit to be read along with De Quincey's spirited essay on the same subject. Then the scene is shifted to Dublin Castle, where Cumberland was Ulster-Secretary when Halifax was Lord-Lieutenant, and Single-speech Hamilton had acquired by purchase (for a brief season) the brains of Edmund Burke. Then there is a wonderful sketch of Bubb Dodington and his villa "La Trappe," on the banks of the Thames, whither one fair evening Wedderburn brought Mrs. Haughton in a hackney-coach. You read of Dr. Johnson and Dr. Goldsmith, of Garrick and Foote, and participate in the bustle and malice of the play-house. Unluckily, Cumberland was sent to Spain on a mission, and came home with a grievance. This part is dull, but in all other respects the Memoirs are good to read.

Cumberland's father, who became an Irish bishop, is depicted by his son as a most pleasing character; and no doubt of his having been so would ever have entered a head always disposed to think well of

fathers had not my copy of the Memoirs been annotated throughout in the nervous, scholarly hand of a long-previous owner who, for some reason or another, hated the Cumberlands, the Whig clergy, and the Irish people with a hatred which found ample room and verge enough in the spacious margins of the Memoirs.

I print one only of these spleenetic notes:—

"I forget whether I have noticed this elsewhere, therefore I will make sure. In the novel 'Arundel,' Cumberland has drawn an exact picture of himself as secretary to Halifax, and has made the father of the hero a clergyman and a keen electioneer—the vilest character in fiction. The laborious exculpation of Parson Cumberland in these Memoirs does not wipe out the scandal of such a picture. In spite of all he says, we cannot help suspecting that Parson Cumberland and Joseph Arundel had a likeness. N.B.—In both novels (*i.e.*, 'Arundel' and 'Henry') the portrait of a modern clergyman is too true. But it is strange that Cumberland, thus hankering after the Church, should have volunteered two such characters as Joseph Arundel and Claypole."

"Whispering tongues can poison truth," and a persistent annotator who writes a legible hand is not easily shaken off.

Perhaps the best story in the book is the one about which there is most doubt. I refer to the well-known and often-quoted account of the first night of *She Stoops to Conquer*, and of the famous band of "elaqueurs" who early took their places, determined to see the play through. Cumberland tells the story with the irresistible verve of falsehood—of the early dinner at the "Shakespeare Tavern," "where Samuel Johnson took the chair at the head of a long table, and was the life and soul of the corps"; of the guests assembled, including Fitzherbert (who had committed suicide at an earlier date), of the adjournment to the theatre with Adam Drummond of amiable memory, who "was gifted by Nature with the most sonorous and at the same time the most contagious laugh that ever echoed from the human lungs. The neighing of the horse of the son of Hystaspes was a whisper to it; the whole thunder of the theatre could not drown it"; and on the story rolls.

It has to be given up. There was a dinner, but it is doubtful whether Cumberland was at it; and as for the proceedings at the theatre, others who were there have pronounced Cumberland's story a bit of blague. According to the newspapers of the day, Cumberland, instead of sitting by Drummond's side and telling him when to laugh in his peculiar manner, was visibly chagrined by the success of the piece, and as wretched as any man could well be. But Adam Drummond must have been a reality. His laugh still echoes in one's ears.

A. B.

REVIEWS.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF CATCHWORDS.

ON SHIBBOLETHS. By W. S. Lilly. London: Chapman & Hall. 1892.

"SHIBBOLETHS" are the flags of all nations. Floating long in wind and weather, it is not strange if they get rent and torn, lose their bright colours, and become distinguishable, in course of time, by faith only, and not by sight, from rags that should be sent to the laundry. We can easily believe that they present a sad appearance to the philosopher seated in his well-stuffed chair at home, and occupied mainly with ideals. Nor do we pretend that the cries of any one sect, church, or party have in them a medicative virtue denied to the rest. "Words are but wind"; and though alive and stirring with the grandest aspirations, they may be taken in vain, misconstrued, and dragged down into the mire. Mr. Lilly has given us an amusing as well as a thoughtful volume partly on their use, but much more, and with evident relish, on their abuse—as he conceives—

at the present day. He writes forcibly and to the point, with an occasional touch of cynicism which is decidedly enlivening. His enthusiasm he keeps for "Kant and Hegel, Trendelenburg and Lotze," who furnish "an antidote to the dissolvent doctrines of sensualistic individualism." For himself, he is bent on warning us that when we talk somewhat cheerfully of "progress," "freedom," "the people's rights," "education," and so forth, we had better understand what we mean. The poor old flags must be taken down from their flag-staves, and cross-examined.

Some of them stir Mr. Lilly's wrath, and move him to disdain; nor does he mind expressing his sentiments in round, unvarnished phrase, which will at any rate serve instead of a tonic where it does not convert or convince. He sets his reader thinking, and will often provoke him to laugh—no small merit in a world wherein, as the *Spectator* says, laughter is becoming a tradition of the past, like other jewels of Conservatism. But the fact of our growing sadness may be disputed. As regards Mr. Lilly's own creed, if we begin at the beginning of his book, we shall fancy it to be a stern and lofty protest against the frivolous Radicals who sit on the box-seat of progress and declare that they are driving the coach, when it is hurrying them along at railroad speed. But deal with it like a volume of Hebrew—begin at the end—and then you will come upon such a condemnation of the established order, economic and political, as will make you rub your eyes with astonishment. Even the most advanced Radical—or, indeed, Socialist—cannot well say more than that the present order rests "on wrong and robbery." Stuart Mill has written that, "if the choice were to be made between Communism with all its chances, and the present state of society with all its sufferings and injustices, . . . all the difficulties, great or small, of Communism would be but as dust in the balance." Now Mr. Lilly does not grant, any more than most Englishmen do, that such is the alternative; but he is clearly of opinion "that the present state of society" is doomed, and that by "the laws of retributive justice"—a doctrine which may not amount to Radicalism, but which, most certainly, portends nothing less than revolution!

Not, of course, "red ruin," with blood and fire as its accompaniment; but, still, "the breaking up of laws," and a new distribution of social products. "Assuredly," says our author, with a bluntness which will shock the respectable *bourgeois*, "the masses will be monstrous fools if they do not use the power placed in their hands to better their material condition. As assuredly they will be more monstrous fools still, if they use it unjustly. Labour, like capital, is under the moral law." Justice, then, is the keynote of Mr. Lilly's pleading; and he pleads earnestly, with no feigned tongue, for that in which he is undoubtedly a firm believer. He would have interests conform to principles. And seeing that democracy, or the "rule of the many," is inevitable, he asks that it may have the eyes of its understanding enlightened, and know what is the real significance of its own demands. To make this clear, Mr. Lilly expends much time and learning. He charges Socialism with being "unethical," which is an accusation we do not think he will find it easy to sustain. In his own view, society was intended to be an "ethical organism"; liberty is sacred, but must be according to law; personality allows of indefinite variation in quality and privileges; education means the formation of the moral character; and political economy is a branch of ethics. Often we are reminded in these pages of Mr. Arnold's "Culture and Anarchy," except that where Mr. Arnold says "literature," Mr. Lilly would say the New Testament. Both are strongly agreed on the necessity of developing the functions of Government, and our author quotes with applause Pitt's emphatic assertion that "Parliament is omnipotent to protect." All his remedies for economic disorder

in Chapter VII. suppose a determined effort on the side of rulers and governors to limit competition, whether among workmen or capitalists, by force of law. This chapter is the most remarkable in the book, and states the writer's principles with great clearness and felicity of illustration.

But having laid down his doctrine in resolute terms, with abundant quotation from the dead and living authors whom he has ever at hand, Mr. Lilly reads a severe lecture to his Liberal friends. They admire claptrap, he says, and are easily caught by the ears. It would be quite as true, and just now very seasonable, to remark that those whom nobody would call Liberals display the same weakness, only the claptrap which charms them is talked by Lord Salisbury or the Primrose League. Why, then, does not Mr. Lilly assail the Conservative watchwords, and require a strict account of their meaning at the hands of Mr. Balfour? We think it is for the good reason that they have lost much of their influence, and are likely to lose more. The old Tories hated liberty, despised the people, kept back education, laughed at public opinion, and would allow neither "man's rights" nor "woman's rights," as long as they could help. Their descendants have simply fastened themselves on as much of the unreformed Constitution as is left above ground. If they talk the modern language, it is to get inside the enemy's camp, as a spy might use the password which he had bought or stolen. Whatever comes of it, the future belongs to progressive Democracy; and these "new social strata," of which Gambetta spoke, will trouble themselves uncommonly little with the academic reserves and comfortable half-measures of the classes now in possession.

Men like Mr. Lilly exhibit unbounded scorn for the "ballot-box," which in this volume is called "a sorry fetish." Even Carlyle, who might have seen many things which he did not choose to see, mocks and flouts the single voter's privilege of a twenty-thousandth of a share in one Member of Parliament. As though combination, which has worked miracles, were not the aim, as it is the secret of success, in all voting! We have now begun to witness, with surprise all round, the remarkable uprising of the agricultural labourer against squire and parson. What has done it? The vote, and nothing but the vote. Liberty may not consist "in voting ever so often"; but in the modern State there will not be much liberty where there is no voting. We quite agree with Mr. Gunton that "economic independence is the only true and permanent basis of political freedom." It is to secure such independence that the ballot-box and the rest of the machinery have been devised. They are means to an end; but for that very reason we must consider them not merely in the abstract, which would be as ludicrous as considering a roast leg of mutton without reference to the dinner-table on which it was to appear. Ideals are very fine things, and Mr. Lilly extols them with learning and eloquence. But he likes the old-fashioned machinery, and despises the new. Nevertheless, it has become clear to him that much of the venerable Whiggism he admires is completely out of date; and that its economic fetish of Demand and Supply is tumbling from its shrine under the strokes of a more humane philosophy. The "classes" will have to demonstrate their *raison d'être*; and, so far as they fail to do so, will have to make way for other classes not quite so ill-adapted to the conditions of modern life. We are nothing like half-way on the road of evolution. Mr. Lilly does his part as a philosopher in crying out *Festina lente*; but he knows that all the moralising in the world will not stop the wheels which have been set going.

Certainly, the better we understand our ideals, the more perfectly shall we realise them. Nor do we propose to "slay at the passings of Jordan" all those who do not as yet agree with us. That was the good old Tory way. We prefer to convert our enemies, and we shall do so; for the "advanced Radicalism" of one age is always the "sound Con-

servatism" of the next. This book of Mr. Lilly's would have saddened the Whigs thirty years ago; now they will be quoting from its pages with interest and admiration, always excepting the chapter on "Supply and Demand." They will praise its manly common-sense, its erudition, its persuasive style. Let them, by all means. It is probably the best defence that has lately been made of the "legality"—to employ a theological term—by which they hold, in contrast to the aspirations of the great multitude who want a little of the law and order, equity and justice, and all the other good things of the middle class, to come over to their side. "The true idea of the individual" is "an ethical agent in an ethical organism." That is well said; and we shall be charmed to apply it all round—to the "ethical organism" called the House of Lords, and the "ethical agent" known as the ground-lord; to the capitalist as thoroughly as to the journalist; and to the advocate of vested interests no less than to the advocate of "woman's rights." The result may astonish even our calm philosopher.

But all these modern "Shibboleths" are not derived simply from Rousseau, though Mr. Lilly says they are. Rousseau made neither the old *régime* nor the new. What he did was to utter, with burning eloquence, the thoughts which rose in many a working man's heart, and which rise there still, in the presence of a rich and powerful civilisation that has left his class—in other words, the majority—uneducated, sunk in poverty and wretchedness, and without provision for the morrow. That was the crying scandal of the last century. It is the crying scandal of this which is now expiring. A crowd while it has neither flag nor watchword is a mere mob; give it a banner and it may become an army. Battle-ries will not, indeed, serve instead of cannon; though we may remember that the Bastille was taken with a shout. Suffice it if the modern "Shibboleths" rally our friends and put heart into them, as being true and sincere, even while they need philosophic analysis. But courage wins the victory; and whatever helps the millions to be courageous is far from despicable. We wish Mr. Lilly, who has found so many things to say in disparagement of "Shibboleths," had reckoned up the number of benefits to mankind which, in the absence of those appeals to the emotion that he rather looks down upon, would still be waiting for someone to achieve them. All changes for the better must begin by appealing to emotion, just as all Conservative abuses rely upon self-interest to defend them against reform. That is why there never was a Tory Marseillaise.

"A.K.H.B." AT ST. ANDREWS.

TWENTY FIVE YEARS OF ST. ANDREWS. By the author of "The Recreations of a Country Parson," Vol. I. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

NOT one of the Rev. Dr. Boyd's thirty volumes—popular and readable as these are—will keep up the reader's breathless attention as this one does. To those especially who have known the men and manners of the quiet Scottish academic city the volume will be extremely enjoyable. For this observing "chiel has been taking notes" with no ordinary care for a quarter of a century, and the gossipy ways of many interesting people there have been faithfully chronicled by the prince of gossipers, who, since he was fifteen years of age, has made it a solemn duty to enter something daily in his diary. A.K.H.B. is in society a most attractive man, though *sui generis*. No one can get a word in at a dinner-party if he be there, yet he has the marvellous faculty of streaming on with his most amusing table-talk without any repetition. Nor does he spare himself, as this volume testifies. He is not always strictly accurate, good as his memory is; but no one outside the city will mind this very much. One thing: there is, with all his quiet humour and sharp-shooting, no evidence whatever of malice in his criticisms.

In fact, he is just occasionally too flattering. Sir Walter (he would never use more of the name) he calls "certainly the greatest Scotsman;" Principal Shairp "had ever been the best of men," and after he ceased to be Dean Stanley's "ecclesiastical curiosity," was "at the last one of the wisest;" than Professor Lewis Campbell "there is no better-loved man in this University or this city"; than Professor Flint "there can hardly ever have been a better professor in any University in this world"—though he forgets to mention that Flint is the only clergyman who for his eminence in philosophy is a member of the famous Institute of France; of Professor Baynes he says, "no mortal ever heard him utter a rancorous word"; Dr. William Muir—at the opposite extreme in ritual—"was the finest-looking human being I ever saw"; Mr. John Skelton is "quite the most eminent Scottish man of letters now abiding"; he "never knew a better or more lovable man" than Bishop Thorold of Winchester, to whom the volume is dedicated; "never greater nor more lovable man than Stanley" preached in St. Andrew's Parish Church; "never was more courteous gentleman" than Professor Cook; "no more conscientious or capable man ever filled a Divinity Chair" than Professor Mitchell; "the Anglican Communion numbers not a prelate of stately aspect" than Bishop Wordsworth; Dr. Lindsay is the "wisest, kindest, and best of Heritors."

He means to keep his word when he begins his pleasant task—viz., never to be autobiographical—but he fortunately breaks it on every page; for without his personality most of the volume would be meaningless. He was tickled when an old gentleman told him that he thought St. Andrews was reserved for great preachers, and he was pleased when Dr. Gillon said that he was going where there had been dry sermons so long. This was an opportunity for bringing forward the name of one of the most eloquent, thoughtful, and manly preachers, his immediate predecessor, to whom he could never hold a candle, the poet, painter, musician, Dr. John Park—yet that name is not mentioned in the volume at all. Why? Because the praises of that worthy man were for years on everyone's lips. Once A.K.H.B. had the audacity to say (but this is not recorded by him, but by another), "Dr. Park was a very remarkable instance of a very poor scholar becoming a great preacher"; yet Principal Tulloch simply adored him. Dr. Park's predecessor's name comes in once, in a left-handed way for the author. A begging, half-topsy fishwife, on being told by Dr. Boyd that he would give her half-a-crown next day if she appeared sober, said, "Ah! ye're an uno' drap-doun frae Principal Haldane!"

It is well-nigh impossible to give a full idea of the rare chattiness and lightsomeness of the volume: once begun, you cannot stop reading it. Dr. Boyd considers St. Andrews an ideal place, though Professor Aytoun once made the appalling statement that "Hell was a quiet and friendly place to live in, compared with St. Andrews." He would not leave it; but he has forgotten about St. Giles, Edinburgh. His descriptions are terse, but able. He always felt an interest in numbers; and he noted that the number of people who shook hands with him at the door of the church on the day of his induction to the charge was "just a thousand." He was glad when Tulloch called him a born preacher; yet why should he always "wash his hands with invisible water" in the pulpit, as the dreaded P. P. A. once remarked? No doubt he is a most attractive preacher: and he has the happy knack of suiting himself to all men, conducting the service with the ordinary Presbyterian quietness in the parish church, and with extreme ritual in St. Mary's. What can he mean by the purple ribbon which he fastens round the pulpit Bible? His fidgetiness is proverbial; but this is not recorded. One day the sister-in-law of the Rev. Mr. Hill, his colleague, was visiting the old church. In the vestry the beadle, pointing to the mirror that hung on the sombre wall, said, "Ye see, mem, that's the glass the meenisters use afore they gang to the

poopit. Bide [Boyd], he'll come in sae excited like, an' he'll strip, an' he'll look at the gless, an' he'll try on a stannin'-up collar. It'll no dae; an' he'll throw't doon ahunt 'm on the fluer, as if it wuz the collar's blame. Then he'll try on anither, an' maybe a third ane, afore he gets ane to dae. But Hill, puir man, he jist gangs up to the gless, looks in, gies his heid a bit redd, an' then awa he gangs cannily to the poopit."

With all faithfulness he intends to follow out the commendable maxim, *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*; yet after writing, "Only good shall be written on *this page* of the brothers who have gone before us," on the very next page he says, "Somewhat perversely, Shairp's conscience pointed out Tulloch's sins, and not his own." But of Shairp he once said, "Never man in this world had a pleasanter smile"; which of course accounts for the discrepancy. He was grieved when Princepal Forbes "used the ugly and heathenish word *Precemur*" before the opening prayer, "forgetting the stately and beautiful *Oremus*." Yet the good man, being a "High Churchman through and through," thanked the author for correcting him. In his judgment it was irreverent for the Principal, who was unordained, to pronounce the blessing in Latin; "but in Scotland one has to bear with a good many irreverent things."

It seems Professor Shairp would not notice the salutation of any student whom he met wearing the newly imported square caps. "What he desired, as characteristically Scottish, was a Kilmarnock blue bonnet with a red tassel. This had been worn by Lord Aberdeen and his brothers, and it won Shairp's heart." The author considers that Shairp was not a very successful Professor of Latin, yet he turned out some excellent version writers, who stood their own afterwards against the best competitors. Shairp delighted to speak of Dr. Lee, the arch innovator, as "Bobby," yet he complained when the students called him "Jock." How the author laughed when, in a student's paper, he read on the geometrical diagram "Let A. K. H. B. be a rum Boyd" (rhomboid, the letters being marked at the four corners), only this is not recorded here. How humorously he touches off Professor Campbell, when his translation of the *Ajax* was being acted by the students: "When Aias very cautiously let himself down upon a wooden sword in the act of self-slaughter, a fearful cry as of a stuck pig proceeded from a scoffing student with evil effect upon the audience." On one occasion, after Dr. Boyd attended a religious meeting addressed by Miss Marsh, he received a letter from a good friend at a distance that he was "defying St. Paul at St. Andrews." "That is the way of this country" is his commentary.

Of course he sided with Dr. Robert Lee as to organs and ritual, and he was banned by Dr. Muir for it. No other word will do than "ferociously" to describe how some "saintly ministers" persecuted the innovators for being coadjutors of the Evil One. Dr. Lee was the first to read prayers in St. Andrew's Church for two centuries, and the day before Bishop Wordsworth preached there with his "lawn sleeves." It seems that Mr. Gladstone would not give his tutor an English see because of the Bishop's change of polities. The author puts it briefly: "Vote against me, and don't look for anything from me." Can one realise Professor Flint gazing with a stricken look at the remains of the parish church weather-cock and saying: "There is something awful about it—unearthly?" But how Tulloch and he must have laughed at their reading of "Pirie on Flirtation!"

He was greatly impressed with Dean Stanley's ways, as they would listen to the "immemorial moan of the ocean" that washed the cliffs below his residence. One day the Dean, after writing a letter, instead of blotting it on the pad, would turn up the cartridge-paper end and blot the letter with a vengeance. "The letter, already nearly illegible, became entirely so." John Stuart Mill was liker an anti-State-Church lecturer than a great thinker in

the author's eyes, for Mill had said about Bishops: "I don't say that these men are hypocrites, but I do say that no man can go about dressed as they are without looking like a hypocrite." Charles Kingsley wrote Dr. Boyd, after he had visited St. Andrews: "I apprehend I am a bad Englishman, for I like you Scots far better than my own countrymen." During that visit Kingsley was fatigued; "but after a bath in water nearly boiling, he brightened up, and was the life of a gathering at dinner," when Tulloch, Robert Chambers, and Mrs. Oliphant were present. She tells a story of Dr. McGregor, his successor in the Moderator's chair. Professor Baynes came and sat behind him in a London theatre and whispered, "What would the people in the old kirk say if I tellt them I saw you here?" But with rare presence of mind McGregor answered, "Deed, they wadna believe you, and so ye needna tell them." McGregor was once describing to his audience that one of his ancestors was sentenced to be hanged for stealing, but as he was a distinguished thief, he was allowed to select the tree on which he was to be executed, and with great presence of mind he selected a gooseberry bush. When an objection was made that it was not big enough, he said with dignity, "Let it grow! *I'm in no hurry.*" Trollope was the only man he had heard swear in decent society for uncounted years. He then goes on in his intensely raey way to speak of Liddon, Caird, Jowett, Story, Watson, and McLeod.

He was one day in a great rage because he had to preach three times to large audiences when not well—considering that "he had asked four quite idle parsons to take a service, but they had too great regard for their important health." Not being made a chaplain to the Queen—Story being preferred—he can write with feeling about Lees being made Dean of the Thistle over the head of Caird, as when Thomson was preferred to Wilberforce for York. But he will yet get his due. It seems that Mr. Allingham was the solitary editor who ever altered a word of his; but the editor "was soon got rid of. I would have left *Fraser* had he not done so." The merits of Dr. Lindsay Alexander, Dean Ramsay, and others, are then discussed in a bright and entertaining way. He understands that Professor Knight has some difficulty in finding any preacher who is quite up to his intellectual level.

The difficulty is to resist writing more about the men and manners described in this interesting volume, which the author has brought down to 1878. Even those alive who are occasionally satirised will forgive him, knowing the guilelessness of his nature, and the enjoyment his autobiography will give to many readers. He is beyond imitation; he has struck out a new line of writing, and he is always fascinatingly consistent in his style. We look forward to another rare treat when the concluding volume appears.

QUINTILIAN REVIVED.

M. FABI QUINTILIANI INSTITUTIONIS ORATORIE LIBER DECIMUS.
Edited by W. Peterson, M.A., LL.D., Principal of University College, Dundee. Oxford: The Clarendon Press (Henry Frowde).

MR. PETERSON'S edition of the Tenth Book of Quintilian, with a revised text, will be a welcome book for the advanced student of Latin. It will be welcome also to those who, after their school years, sometimes include Greek and Latin books in their miscellaneous reading. The "Institutio Oratoria," in treating of the training of a pleader, treats of the one accepted means of educating a Roman gentleman; and it is the work not only of a keen observer of oratory, himself an eminent orator, but of a skilled and high-minded educator. The tenth book deals with the parts played in the studies of an orator by reading, writing, and actual speaking. Quintilian was a favourite author with our, in some ways more scholarly, fathers. Now, in opening him, one first shrinks with pity from an age when the Bar was the

only liberal profession; and to think kindly of rhetoric as the chief study for youth, one has to remind oneself that it was probably less unwholesome than that study of moral platitudes which was its only rival. But if Quintilian's art was the least worthy of the arts, he writes with a strenuous zeal for its perfection which makes him pleasant reading, and profitable for the purposes of any art or department of life. He has a genuine dislike of bad taste, however effective it might be. With a readiness to welcome merit in any form and in any degree, he has an artist's love for the great masters of his art. The student, he says finely, may know that he is making progress when he finds himself beginning to like the great masters very much. He is full, too, of the knowledge that "every noble production is the fruit of long toil."

In his view the practice of oratory requires not merely constant speaking but an habitual and thorough study of literature, and his list of authors useful to form style includes every branch of letters. The student must begin by studying the few very great writers; it is better he should see no faults in them at all than that he should too little prize their merits. But his reading must not be narrow: "Let him put many examples before him, that he may catch a little from each." Poetry is of especial value to him when he is immersed in the hack-work of pleading. But the chief way in which a speaker must acquire good style is by diligent writing, not minding the slow process of constant revision—provided he does not become nervously dissatisfied with everything he produces—knowing that "quick writing will come from writing well, but good writing will not come from writing quickly." When he has most extempore speaking to do, then the corrective of exercise in writing is most necessary. Speaking, too, should always be as well prepared for as the occasion allows. Much time should be given to thought by every author, provided it is thought, and not dreaming distracted by everything that catches the eye. "No indulgence must be given to anything that destroys application." The speaker should come to the scratch so prepared that "unforeseen occurrences may give him opportunities, but cannot put him out." If he has to speak unprepared, let him fix his mind on the substance, not the words of his speech, and let him be deliberate without indecision. Lastly, he who would make speeches well should endeavour that "whatever he says at any time should for its own purpose be as good as it can." Here are rules with many analogous applications. The actual speaker will find besides in Quintilian plenty of shrewd hints—about notes, about memory, etc. But he is not likely to rise to the level of diligence Quintilian exacts; for example, to practise extempore speaking on his family circle daily. One of Quintilian's heroes continued such practice in his tent during a campaign, and his brother-officers, it seems, tolerated this. There was some firmness in men who could do these things; but Quintilian arouses the suspicion that this excessive attention to the form of speech must have tended to make speech itself poor.

The bulk of Book X., and that which most interests the scholar, is Quintilian's critical survey of the whole field of ancient literature. It is all sensible criticism, and it abounds in striking phrases, those sentences in which mediocre merit receives its due being usually the happiest. But it purports for the most part to give, not original views, but the accepted judgment of the world of letters ("consensus fere grammaticorum"), and it might not be so interesting without the well-chosen parallel passages quoted by Mr. Peterson. Its inclusiveness and its limitation are alike interesting. What is antique and rough in form is as a rule little noticed. The subject of love is a poor theme, and the choice of it reduces an author in rank. That Lucretius, Catullus, and the Roman comedians are somewhat slighted, and that both Sophocles and Euripides are much preferred

to *Æschylus*, are the chief points in which Quintilian's taste is strange to us. He gives some praise to many authors who would probably have bored us. But as a rule his judgments are such as scholars would pass now. There is little partiality shown between Greek and Latin writers. There is no tendency to mistake rhetorical for poetic excellence. In his own style, Quintilian obeys his own teaching successfully. It flows easily, but is not tame; it is epigrammatic when occasion serves, but never strained or tiresome. It was fitting that, when people cared much about Latin style, Quintilian should have been deemed a great writer.

In Mr. Peterson's edition we make no doubt there are faults that have escaped us, but it is the work of an industrious scholar and a man of sense. His introductions and notes enable an ordinary mortal to read the book with ease and with interest, and they offer help of indubitable value to the scientific student of the language.

THE GREAT DICTIONARY.

MURRAY'S DICTIONARY: A New English Dictionary on Historical Principles. Edited by James A. H. Murray. Part VI.: Clo—Consigner. Oxford: The Clarendon Press, 1891.

IT is a pity that the building in which the great English Dictionary is slowly but steadily rising into majestic shape is in itself so slight that, when once its purpose has been fulfilled, it will speedily be swept away. No pilgrims in future ages

"From the Blue Mountains or Ontario's Lake,"

who come

"On Isis' banks to draw inspiring air."

will be able to look with reverence on the room where this noble monument of the language of the great English-speaking race was laboriously constructed. The attic in Gough Square still remains, where, one hundred and fifty years ago, Johnson, with his staff of six amanuenses, made his famous Dictionay. To Dr. Murray and his assistants there should surely have been assigned either a room in the Bodleian itself or in the old Clarendon Printing-House hard by. Oxford of the present day is little aware of the fame which it is gaining with future ages. It does not suspect that when "the Oxford Movement," with all its foam, has long subsided, and excites merely the languid interest of the student of ecclesiastical history, the Oxford Dictionary will be the wonder and the delight of scholars. It is not Cardinal Newman, but Dr. Murray, who, in the coming centuries, will give the University of our day its chief reputation. A vast pile has been raised by the High Churchmen to do honour to Keble. When Keble's name is only known to the curious, the English Dictionary will still remain an ever-speaking memorial to the fame of him who has borne the chief part in making it, and of the University at whose cost it was produced. Admirable as is the work, and full of interest too, it has not, it is well known, met with that extensive sale which, in so great and wealthy a nation as ours, might justly have been expected. Even in Oxford itself there are college libraries in which it cannot be found, and college common rooms in which it is spoken of with disrespect. Society, that dreary mixture of impertinence, frivolity, and ignorance, hears of it but to mock it. Should a modest scholar say a few words in its praise, "Can you tell me," some pompous fellow will ask in a loud voice— "can you tell me when it will be finished?" As he says this he will look with an exulting smile round the table, and catch the approving nod of his brother-blockheads. Wren, as he laid the first stone of St. Paul's, was no doubt mockingly asked by a booby of an alderman when he expected to lay the last stone of his new cathedral. Dr. Murray, however, can now with just pride boast that he is long past the foundations, and that much more than one-fourth part of his great work is completed—in fact, not very much less than

a third is in type. In estimating the progress of the lexicographer we must not count the letters by which he passes as if they were so many mile-stones. C, for instance, occupies much more space than J, K, N, O, Q, U, V, X, Y, Z taken together. Now that two editors—each with his own staff—are at work, the publication is going on with greater rapidity. That the high standard of excellence will be maintained is shown by the part which Dr. Murray's brother-editor, Mr. Bradley, has already issued.

In every household where a guinea or so a-year can without inconvenience be laid out in books this great work should be seen. There must surely be something mean in the mind of the man who is indifferent to this noble monument of our language. The finest furniture that a room can have is books: and among our books, between our Bible and our Shakespeare, should stand the volumes of Dr. Murray's Dictionary. Even the dull rich man would find much in it that might while away those hours of which he has too many and the poor students have too few. By men of eager curiosity the supply of curious matter would be found almost endless. The common run of people know of but one use for a dictionary. They turn to it when they are puzzled about the spelling or the meaning of a word. They must have it complete, from A to Z. That every word has a history of its own, and often a very strange history, they have never discovered. It is this history that Dr. Murray, with the aid of a host of learned men, is laboriously writing. In fact, he is one of the greatest historians the world has ever known. Of words he is ever tracing now the decline and fall, and now the birth and growth. He is doing for them what Sir Bernard Burke has done for county families, and the fortunes of words are far more varied and curious than those of baronets and peers. What changes have they seen, what ups and downs in the world! *Cloth*, for instance, slowly rose to the dignity of standing for the whole body of the clergy. "You know I honour the cloth," wrote Swift's Mrs. Harris; "I design to be a parson's wife." But this word, which includes even Bishops and Archbishops, seems at its first start to have meant nothing but a loin-cloth or the like, *stuck on*.

Little do we think when we sit down to a cold collation that of the original word nothing is left but the grace said before the meal. If that is omitted, the whole collation is gone. Who could have believed that a word which once meant a rock or a hill should now be used for "a light, loose-knitted woollen scarf worn by ladies"? Yet *cloud*, in its course from King Alfred to the present day, has gone through such a transmigration. How strange is the origin of the term *connection* as used of the Methodists! Wesley, in his anxiety not to found a new denomination, used to speak of his followers as "those in connection with me," or as "those in my connection." As he had most unwillingly founded a new sect, so, no less unwillingly, did he supply it with a name. It is from his round-about expression that it is known as the Methodist Connection. Under *club* we have a chapter of social history that would have delighted Lord Macaulay. We trace the word, through all its shades of meaning, from the Commonwealth to our own time. It had had some years of life when, on July 1st, 1660, Pepys recorded in his diary: "Met with Purser Washington, with whom I dined at the Bell Tavern in King Street, but the rogue had no more manners than to invite me, and to let me pay my club." We see the word pass from its significance either of a share of an entertainment or the combination of all the shares to the social meeting itself—to that "assembly of good fellows meeting under certain conditions" so dear to Johnson. We watch the growth of this assembly from the tavern parlour with its "nicely sanded floor," till the word, so modest in its origin, comes to include the luxurious palaces of St. James's Street and Pall Mall. We see it branch out into societies for politics and literature, for football and

natural history, for the ascent of the Alps, and for the supply of geese and coals at Christmas. Even "the Holy Club" is not passed over—that term of reproach cast on Wesley and his followers by his fellow-students at Oxford. To illustrate all the meanings of this comprehensive word, Dr. Murray requires two closely-printed columns, with instances drawn from at least fifty authors. Davenant and Pepys are not too remote for him, nor Thackeray and Trollope too modern.

On *come*, in classifying and defining the senses in which it is used, the labour that has been spent is almost beyond all human estimate. It fills twenty-two columns, that contain 1,120 quotations, each with exact reference. Johnson had not been negligent in illustrating this word, but his quotations are only 141 in number, while exactness of reference was unhappily always neglected by him. In such a word as this the antiquity of the language is well seen. Under *come up*, for instance, we begin with a quotation from King Alfred—nothing shall induce us to follow Dr. Murray in writing *Elfred*—and we end with "He is coming up to Balliol College next term." To *come out*, as used of young ladies, has not been traced farther back than Miss Burney's "Cecilia." In the United States, we learn, it has undergone a further development, for there it is used of those who make public profession of religion. "Them special efforts is great things—ever since I come out. I've felt like a new critter."

The ancient words which came over long before the Conquest must surely look with disdain on the upstarts of modern days. *Communist*, for instance, must be scorned by *come*, just as much as one of Lord Salisbury's new peers is scorned by Lord Salisbury himself. It is not fifty years old. It was born on December 1st, 1843; for of many a word the birthday as well as the father is accurately recorded by Dr. Murray. Six years later Ebenezer Elliott thus ridiculed the growing child:—

"What is a Communist? One who hath yearnings
For equal division of unequal earnings;
Idler or bungler, or both, he is willing
To fork out his penny and pocket your shilling."

With the notice of one more word we must bring our review to an end. Under *coercion* we find the two following quotations:—

"1832. Sir Charles Napier: Coercion, damnable coercion! What has been the ruin of Ireland but this accursed coercion?"

"1888. Duke of Argyll: The cant which brands as 'coercion' that which is the duty of every Government."

Politicians of both sides can find in this great English Dictionary an abundance of serviceable material for pelting their opponents.

WESTERN AND OTHER VERSE.

BALLADS AND LYRICS. By Katharine Tynan. London: Kegan Paul & Co.

A LITTLE BOOK OF WESTERN VERSE. By Eugene Field. London: Osgood, McIlvaine & Co.

QUATRAINS. By William Wilsey Martin. London: Elkin Mathews.

POEMS. By T. J. Powys. London: Kegan Paul & Co.

SONG AND SENTIMENT. By John Cotton. London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co.

POEMS. By the Rev. Edward Templeman. London: Elliot Stock.

LYRICAL VERSES. By R. T. N. Bristol: J. W. Arrowsmith.

THE authentic West of Ireland folk-story of the charity of the Countess Kathleen is perhaps the only instance in legend of one who sold her soul for the love of God. It was Kathleen O'Kea who redeemed the souls of the poor, bartered away for bread, at the cost of her own—a price which, of course, the devil was not allowed to exact. Miss Tynan's ballad on the subject is a striking poem; its faintness of outline, and eager, halting verse, represent admirably the wonder-stricken mood of the supposed unlearned narrator. "Prince Connla of the Golden Hair," "A Woman," and "St. Francis

and the Wolf," are good ballads, marked by intensity and true vision. In her brief dramatic lyrics Miss Tynan is most excellent. The speakers in "All Souls' Night" and "In Iona" shake with emotion; we see the tears hanging on their eyelids. "Michael the Archangel" and "Of an Angel" are extraordinary poems, remembering at what period in the world's history we have arrived. These are not dramatic but actual visions of Katharine Tynan, seen, not merely poetically, but by faith.

"Mine Angel's praying hands and meek,
The pure young outline of his cheek,
His grave young mouth, his brow like snow,
His everlasting eyes I know."

"O lips that bless, and eyes that yearn,
And sometimes sad, but never stern,
Dearest, my friend, my gift of God,
Companion on my dangerous road,

"Stay with me, though the day be long,
And Heaven is lonelier for your song;
Though I be sad, and all my plea
Is only my soul's poverty."

It is a wonderful world that Miss Tynan's book gives us prospect of. Simple souls tremulous with emotion, the low of the kindly cattle, a little dew, a little scent, gardens and woods, and over the dim horizon

"Michael Archangel, like a sun—
Splendid beyond comparison."

We have nothing in London like it. Miss Tynan, in her "Apologia," would appease the rage of the heathen critic. She need not fear; no true-hearted reader will feel anything but gratitude.

Mr. Eugene Field also addresses a word to the critic. "Go, little book," he says: "and if one would speak thee ill, let him bethink him that thou art the child of one who loves thee well." It is not sufficient. All critics have a special splint in their jinkins to ward off this dart. The mere publication of a book tells the author's love of it; and the critic, whom we have likened to a man-at-arms guarding the gate of literature, may be as fittingly compared to a confessor who points out to authors the iniquity of their pleasant sins, and inflicts chastisement with his own hand. Happily, it is a very little rod we have in pickle for Mr. Field. His "Chaucerian Paraphrase of Horace," and other imitations of old English, are unsatisfactory. One of them, "Madge, ye Hoyden," a really pathetic ballad, entirely modern in tone, loses much by the ridiculous spelling and the inordinate use of "ben." But that is all the fault we mean to find. His pieces in dialect, "Casby's Table d'Hôte," "Mr. Dana of the New York Sun," and "The Conversazzhyony," are sprightly and humorous, and, at their best, almost as good as Mr. Bret Harte's work in the same kind. "In Flanders" recalls the comic muse of the first *Anti-Jacobin*; "To a Soubrette" might have been written by Praed; and "The Bibliomaniac's Bride" is perfect Austin Dobson in his lighter vein. We do not for one moment insinuate that Mr. Field copies any of these writers; we simply wish to indicate his versatility. He translates from Heine, from Horace, from Béranger; and writes himself pieces not altogether unworthy of these great names. We shall be astonished if this "Little Book of Western Verse" is not generally appreciated at its true value, as one of the most readable poetic volumes that America has sent us for a very long time.

Mr. William Wilsey Martin's "Quatrains" is within and without a charming little book. It is a change from the voluminousness—the long-drawn, dragging word is right here—that characterises the poetry of the Victorian period. Is it a sign? Are the long luxurious idyls, the long discursive dramatic monologues, the long garrulous stories of old, and the long rhapsodies where thought and emotion are lost in a revel of colour and sound, about to be superseded by shorter flights, and a compacter form? It is the age of essences. The cattle upon a thousand hills are boiled down and handed about in little earthenware pots; Bovril takes the place of

roast beef, and tit-bits that of literature. If the Muses are analogical, and recognise the operation of the *Zeitgeist* in the widespread advertisement of, if not indulgence in, beef-extract, they may be expected henceforth to concentrate their energy in couplets and quatrains. Should this be their intention for the future, they have been kind to Mr. Martin in making him one of their pioneers. Much thought, much feeling, are condensed in his musical lines. Useful knowledge may congest his verse, but the fault is immediately forgotten in some brilliant application of scientific truth.

Of Mr. T. J. Powys's belated volume not much need be said. Private applause is usually bad criticism, and the epistolary approbation of Walter Savage Landor, of all men, is no excuse for the publication of mediocre verse. Neither is the encouragement of Mr. Froude a generally accepted sign of poetic merit. Had Mr. Powys's early pieces been published at the time they were written they might have attracted some attention. The later verses are not specially striking. A blank-verse essay on Burns has great literary, but non-poetic, merit.

Mr. John Cotton and Mr. Edward Templeman keep well to the level of the Poet's Corner in the provincial newspaper. Mr. Cotton's is a very meritorious volume; the contents having been written to alleviate the tedium of railway-journeys, and published apparently to increase the tedium of review columns. Numerous etchings by the author show distinct skill.

"Lyrical Versicles" is a very clever little book. The versification is skilful, the quips and cranks amusing, and the whole carried off with a fine spirit of gaiety. It would be easy to say that "R. T. N." might not have written as he has done if the way had not been shown by somebody else; but it would serve no good end. The most original of writers imitate and borrow most.

FICTION.

1. **A WIDOWER INDEED.** By Rhoda Broughton and Elizabeth Bisland. One vol. London: Osgood, McIlvaine & Co. 1891.
2. **THAT STICK.** By Charlotte M. Yonge. Two vols. London: Macmillan & Co. 1892.
3. **THE ROMANCE OF A FRENCH PARSONAGE: OR, THE DOUBLE SACRIFICE.** By the Author of "Dr. Jacob." Two vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1892.

THOSE who believe that a novel should be consistently cheerful, pleasant, and optimistic, will do well to avoid "A Widower Indeed": they will dislike the book. One is sorry to resort to a word which has had all its meaning worn off and then been used as a label, but this story might perhaps be called realistic. Its authors have not been content to portray the happiness which is too conventional to be imaginary, and too imaginary to be real—to copy another's misrepresentation. To some extent, at least, they have gone to real life—they have given us the humour of it, and they have not shirked the sorrow of it. However distasteful some of the concluding scenes of this book may be, we must at least own that in this, as in most work by Miss Rhoda Broughton, there is some evidence of fresh thought and observation. The widower who is the hero of the story is the bursar of an Oxford College; in the opening chapter he has just returned from the funeral of his wife, to whom he was entirely devoted. Both he and his wife's sister are prostrated by grief, and yet the widower finds the care of his two children and his domestic worries require feminine assistance and supervision, and gradually he is driven to accept the sympathetic help of an unconventional American girl; conventionality requires that the unconventionalities of the American girl shall be emphasised. At this point the practised reader imagines that he sees the conclusion of the book; the widower, of course, must marry the American, and console himself. He does

nothing of the sort. His sister-in-law accuses him of liking the American.

"Like her!" repeats he wearily and sorely, "I do not like anything or anybody on the face of the earth!"

His sister-in-law, who has felt the bereavement almost as keenly at the time as he himself did, does however console herself, and within a very few months of her sister's death becomes engaged. Few things, perhaps, are more sad than the quickness with which we forget our sorrows; and there is pathos in this side-plot of the story. The fate of the hero is still more pathetic. But the atmosphere of the book is not entirely gloomy: there are bright flashes of humour which give relief. The book has its mistakes, but it contains delicate and artistic work as well.

"That Stick" is a novel of a very familiar type. The hero is considered to be a "stick," he is frequently called "That Stick," and he is really a very fine fellow. As a term of abuse, the word "stick" is, especially among men, used less frequently than Miss Yonge supposes. In the first page the hero meets us with "the air of a managing clerk"—whatever that may be. But he was not merely a managing clerk, he was something greater, and higher, and better; he was a peer, and had just received the unexpected news of his succession to a title and a fortune. Long ago he had engaged himself to a poor and mouse-like governess, when with the air and the salary of a managing clerk it had seemed improbable that he would ever be able to marry her. In the days of his prosperity he refused to desert her, although he was urged to do so by certain relations—people of the most painful and improbable vulgarity. His marriage was a happy one; a child was born, lost, and found; some of his relations took advantage of the almost unlimited room for improvement. We have read better books by this author, but we have no wish to speak severely of these two volumes. The works of Miss Yonge have always appealed to a special class of readers, and with them have been popular. "That Stick" resembles Miss Yonge's other works in being absolutely innocuous; no person, however young, will learn from this volume to think lightly of the peerage; indeed, Mr. Short-house himself could not have been more reverent. As a novel, this book will have more interest for women than for men, and in all probability more interest for school-girls than women. The style is, of course, gentle and correct, and the ethical lessons are admirable.

"The Romance of a French Parsonage" is a novel in which there are many strange coincidences. A Romish priest gives in his adherence to the Reformed Church. While he was a Roman Catholic he had fallen in love with a woman, Bertrande, and she had entered a Carmelite convent. As a Protestant, the hero is appointed to the pastorate of St. Gilles; there happens to be a Carmelite convent at St. Gilles. One nun happens to escape, and to take refuge in the parsonage. In the meantime our hero has engaged himself to Georgette, and it is to her care that he entrusts the escaped nun; he has not recognised her, but we know, of course, who she is. Much fiction has made fate cheap, and the least common things have been rendered the most commonplace. Bertrande and Georgette were both in love with the hero, and both were willing to give him up; the claims of the two heroines are about equal, for the hero had fallen in love with Bertrande when he could not become engaged to her, and had become engaged to Georgette when he could not fall in love with her; nor does the hero allow himself to be outdone in nobility by the two heroines. There is, of course, a solution to the difficulties arising from too much self-denial: in Altruism, as in Darkest England, an imaginative writer can find the way out. We regret that the lines of the story should be so conventional, for the author has evidently an eye for character, and Jean Jacques Jennet—who, by the way, is not the hero—is admirably and humorously portrayed.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

THE appearance just now of a popular edition of the able and suggestive "Letters from Italy," which were first published some eight or ten years ago, brings keenly back to remembrance the loss which literature as well as science has sustained in the recent death of Émile de Laveleye. For upwards of forty years the distinguished Belgian writer gave himself almost exclusively to the study of politics and economics, but he was a man who never allowed philosophical speculation to chill the generous warmth of an eminently kindly and sympathetic temperament. Émile de Laveleye was keenly interested in the social problems of the day, and he habitually approached their discussion with more ethical fervour than is usually associated in the public mind with a professor of political economy. There was in him, in fact, a genuine enthusiasm of humanity, and these "Letters from Italy," with their searching criticism, keen insight, and manly concern for others, prove him to have been, in the best sense of the term, a citizen of the world. In its present form the book ought to win a welcome; and if it does, not even the most captious critic can say that such a reception is undeserved.

The career of "Martin of Tours, Apostle of Gaul" has often been described—from the time of his contemporary and disciple in the fourth century, Sulpicius, who wrote the earliest biography of the saint, down to Newman, Alban Butler, and Baring Gould in the nineteenth. Beautiful legends have been interwoven with the story of St. Martin of Tours, and art and poetry have vied with each other to spread his fame. Yet he took no prominent part at the Councils, and his pen was silent in defence of the Faith. It was on the practical side of religion that he won his laurels, for through a long life of humility and self-sacrifice he was the champion of the people, the friend of the poor, and the helper of such as were desolate and oppressed. Martin of Tours was, in fact, a social reformer, and linked to his missionary zeal was a quenched desire to relieve poverty and to succour those with whom the battle of life had gone hard. In this book—the Hulcean prize essay for 1890—Mr. Scullard has gathered into brief compass the pith of many previous volumes, and yet his own monograph by no means deserves to be dismissed as a mere, though scholarly, compilation. The chapters on the political and social condition of Gaul at the period when Martin was Bishop of Tours are admirable, and hardly less praiseworthy or significant is the account which is given of the efforts which the brave and unselfish prelate made to grapple with the evils of his time. The book suffers from a certain jerkiness of style, and from the attempt to parcel off too distinctly different phases and aspects of St. Martin's religious and social activity. Yet, in spite of these drawbacks, Mr. Scullard has given us a singularly well-informed, temperate, and candid estimate—written from the Protestant standpoint—of the characteristics and achievements of a man who has left his mark on the history of Europe, as well as on the development of the Christian Church.

We have received a new edition of Archdeacon Farrar's "Eternal Hope"—five sermons preached in Westminster Abbey a little more than fourteen years ago. The book in its original form has often been reprinted, and it now appears with a new preface, in which Dr. Farrar seeks to explain his position in regard to the solemn problem with which these pages are concerned. In pleading for the larger hope, the author states that he has never denied the possibility of endless misery for those who abide in the determined impenitence of final and willing sin; on the contrary, he asserts his conviction that no human soul can be saved, either in this world or the next, without repentance, and, speaking for himself, he fails to see that such a view lessens in any way the message of the Cross. The rhetorical exuberance of Dr. Farrar is apt to prove repellent to educated and sensitive minds when employed on such a theme; but this circumstance, perhaps, accounts in part for the considerable vogue which the book has so long enjoyed in the realm of popular theology.

Many men find their way to the law courts through simple ignorance of the law; in other words, they blunder, and have to pay the penalty. Few things in this world are more confusing

than the "Law of Copyright," and therefore this brief manual, with its clear and concise statements, meets a real need. It is true that the scope of the volume is somewhat limited, for only musical and dramatic copyright is here passed under review; but when that fact is borne in mind, it is hardly possible to cavil on other grounds at a work which seeks to meet the requirements of professional readers, as well as to be of service to those who rush, or find themselves driven, into litigation. Much sound and valuable information is compressed into these pages, and chapter and verse are everywhere given for the statements which are advanced.

All who are really concerned for the welfare of the people will find a good deal that is worthy of their consideration in "Technical Education in the Counties." County Councillors, organising secretaries, and science teachers in particular, ought not to neglect the book, since it seeks to grapple in a thoroughly practical and sensible way with one of the chief problems of the age. Since the passing of the Technical Instruction Act, 1889, and the Local Taxation Act, 1890, the matter has passed into the sphere of practical polities; and it is urged in these pages, with considerable force and a constant appeal to figures, that the new powers now entrusted to the local authorities of the counties give them splendid opportunity of bringing into existence that organised system of Secondary Technical Day Schools and Evening Continuation Classes which the authors of this pamphlet regard as the only way out of the present educational difficulty. The County Councils stand, so far, only on the threshold of their work; and if they are to keep abreast of the times, they will need to act with courage and foresight, as well as with prudence and economy. It is urged, for example, in these pages that in all probability they will shortly be asked to organise courses of instruction for lads who look forward to one or other of the following occupations—agriculture, mining, manufacturing, engineering, building, and (not to extend the list) navigation and commerce in its various forms. In order to meet this need it will be necessary to establish a series of graded schools, so that from the most elementary instruction the pupil may pass by a natural process to the more advanced. We should be sorry to vouch for the accuracy of every statement in this able and detailed survey of national education in its elementary and practical aspects, but there is abundant food for reflection in the volume, and in the main its statements are as reliable as its reasoning are sound.

The new issue of the "Public Schools' Year-Book" bristles with facts clearly arranged and carefully edited, but the volume, like other manuals of the kind, hardly calls for more than passing comment. The aim of the book is thoroughly practical, and no aspect of modern school life appears to have been overlooked in its compilation. Parents, schoolmasters, and boys will find in its pages much that is of interest. One useful section of the work is a list of preparatory schools which seek to train young boys for Eton, Harrow, Rugby, Winchester, and other of the larger and more famous public schools. In an appendix brief critical notes will be found on the chief educational books of the last twelve months; and though the list is somewhat defective, it is likely to prove of service, as far as it goes, to those upon whom the choice of school-books devolves. We heartily commend this reliable and painstaking compendium.

Battle, murder, and sudden death form the staple of "Pambaniso," a Kaffir tale which is avowedly founded on fact. The manners and customs of barbarian life are disappearing even in Kaffraria, and evidences of civilisation in the shape of churches and schools are springing up in a part of Africa which even thirty years ago was utterly wild and lawless. Mr. Beattie describes with minute and curious realism various phases of native life, and he draws, on the whole, an attractive picture of Pambaniso, a renowned chief—whom he describes as the "flower of Kaffir chivalry"—a brave and fearless warrior whose name was a terror to all petty tyrants in the land. As a story this book is not remarkable, but it throws considerable light on the superstitions of the people, and it is possible for English readers to gain from its vivid pages a clear and often a startling impression of native life and character in a region which was emphatically—at the period with which the story is concerned—one of the dark places of the earth.

NOTICE.

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